



Trade & Plumb-cake for ever Hurra!



Cluzza!

THE
Twelfth - Day - Gift :
 OR, THE
Grand Exhibition.

CONTAINING

A curious COLLECTION of PIECES in Prose and Verse (many of them Originals) which were delivered to a numerous and polite Audience, on the important Subjects of RELIGION, MORALITY, HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, POLITY, PRUDENCE, and OECONOMY, at the most noble the Marquis of SETSTAR's, by a Society of young Gentlemen and Ladies, and registered at their Request, by their old Friend Mr. NEWBERRY.

With which are intermixed some occasional REFLECTIONS, and a NARRATIVE, containing the CHARACTERS and BEHAVIOUR of the several Persons concerned.

*Example draws where Precept fails,
 And Sermons are less read than Tales.*

The THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. CARNAN and F. NEWBERRY, Jun.
 at No. 65, in St. Paul's Church-Yard,
 M.DCC.LXXIV.

To his Grace the

Duke of GALAXY;

The most noble the

MARQUIS of SETSTAR,

The Right Honourable the

COUNTRESS of TWILIGHT,

AND THE

Young Gentlemen and Ladies of Great-Bri-
and Ireland, and the British Colonies;

This B O O K

Is humbly inscribed by

Their most obedient humble Servant,

Feb. 6, 1767.

In St. Paul's Church-Yard.



P R E F A C E.

A PREFACE to a Book of this Nature is not likely to be of much Service to the Author, or to afford any Degree of Satisfaction to the Reader. If there be any Merit in the Design and Matter of the Volume, it will, in this Age of Candour and Generosity, be received and applauded, without a prefatory Discourse; and if there be none, all the Addresses in the World will never stamp any Value upon it. A plausible Preface to a poultry Book, is like calling us to a Puppet Shew, with a silver Trumpet, or like erecting a splendid Sign Post to lead us into a dirty Inn, where a Man can get nothing but what he would rather be without.

Sir Thomas Smith's Advice to his Nephew, though on a different Subject, may here be of Service to our modern Authors. The young Gentleman, in the early Part of Life, had been corrupted by bad Company, and contracted a Habit of living in a loose and disorderly Manner, yet he wanted to put on the Appearance of being Good, but the Royal Vestment of Virtue would not fit him; it was either stained with the Dirt it was intended to conceal, or so unfitting, that it occasionally discovered the Hypo-

A 2

crite,

P R E F A C E.

crité, which his Uncle observing, thus admonished him. *Tom*, says he, you take great Pains to make People believe that you are virtuous, though all the World knows the contrary; take my Advice for once, and be what you would seem; for you will find less Difficulty in becoming really good, than by endeavouring to appear so. Perhaps it is the same with respect to Books, easier for a Man to write a good Work, than to induce the Public to think well of a bad one.

With regard to this Volume I must observe, that the Author, under the Mask of Amusement, has inculcated much useful Knowledge, especially in Religion, Morality, Prudence, and Economy; and drawn together, in a very few Words, such Arguments in Defence of revealed Religion, as will, on all Occasions, enable his young Pupils to defend their religious Principles, and support the Truth of those glorious and important Doctrines, in Opposition to all Unbelievers; and this appears to me a very material Part of his Plan.

A LIST of the **PIECES** exhibited in this Volume,
and by whom read.

HISTORY of Mrs. <i>Williams's</i> Plumb-Cake, by <i>Tom Trinculo</i> , ———	Page 6
The Character of <i>Antiope</i> , by Miss <i>Blossom</i>	9
The dutiful Son, or <i>Aeneas's</i> Escape from <i>Troy</i> , by Mr. <i>Groves</i> ———	13
The dutiful Daughter, by Miss <i>Smith</i> ———	15
Paternal Affection, or <i>Priam</i> at the Tent of <i>A-</i> <i>chilles</i> , by Mr. <i>Simpson</i> ———	17
The Character of Miss <i>Sally Silence</i> , by Miss <i>Summers</i> ———	24
A Cure for Ambition, by Mr. <i>Wilson</i> ———	27
The Castle Builder, by a young Gentleman —	29
<i>Palcmen</i> and <i>Earvinia</i> , by Miss <i>Mansell</i> ———	31
An extraordinary Cure for an extraordinary Dis- order, by Mr. <i>Short</i> ———	36
The Power of Innocence, by Miss <i>Sprightly</i> —	42
Conjugal Affection, by Mr. <i>Curtis</i> ———	44
The Story of <i>Inkle</i> and <i>Tarico</i> , by Miss <i>Williams</i>	46
Progress of Life, an Eastern Tale, by Mr. <i>Jones</i>	52
The History of <i>Melifichon</i> , by Miss <i>Jewson</i> —	59
Patient <i>Grizzel</i> ; or the Humourist Reclaimed, by a young Lady ———	69
Madam and her Magpye, by Mr. <i>Sprightly</i> —	74
Elegy on a Blackbird, by Mr. <i>Rosby</i> ———	77
The Basket-maker, by Miss <i>Penrose</i> ———	80
The Old Man and his Bundle of Sticks, by Mr. <i>Meredith</i> ———	83
The Creation, or the first Miracle wrought for Mankind, by Mr. <i>Grove</i> ———	89
On the Universe, a Poem, by Mr. <i>Long</i> —	95
Part of the 19th Psalm, and an Hymn on the Heavenly Orbs, by Miss <i>Bloom</i> ———	98
The Poetical Pictures contained in the 104th Psalm, by Mr. <i>Greening</i> ———	99
The Atheist and Acorn, by Miss <i>Colwill</i> —	106
A 3	The

The Friendship of <i>Damon and Pythias</i> , by Mr. Porter	107
An Anecdote respecting the Friendship of <i>Brutus</i> and <i>Lucullus</i> , by Mr. <i>Gibson</i>	109
A Will made without a Lawyer, by Mr. <i>Hare</i>	110
The Hyp cured in a remarkable Manner, by Mr. <i>Leadbetter</i>	111
The Shepherd and the Philosopher, a Tale, by Miss <i>Benson</i>	113
<i>Noah's Flood</i> ; or, the Consequence of Wickedness in the infant World, by Mr. <i>Liddal</i>	116
A Description of the Golden Age, by Mr. <i>Bilson</i>	124
Poverty insulted, a Tale, by Mr. <i>Brewer</i>	125
Money and Custard, a Fable, by Mr. <i>Jobson</i>	128
An Anecdote respecting <i>Pyrrhus</i> , King of <i>Epirus</i> , by Mr. <i>Gildon</i>	130
An Illustration of the Miracles of the Old Testament, and the Song of <i>Moses</i> , by Mr. <i>Lambert</i>	134
That these Miracles were faithfully handed down to us, proved by Mr. <i>Williamson</i>	141
Of the Prophecies of the Old Testament, and their Completion, and more especially of those respecting <i>Christ</i> , by Mr. <i>Goodwin</i>	145
The Universal Prayer, by Miss <i>Pine</i>	148
The Gout cured by a Dream, by Mr. <i>Haviland</i>	150
The best Way of taking Revenge, a Story, by Mr. <i>Meanwell</i>	153
An Ode to Spring, by Miss <i>Middleton</i>	155
Anoble Speech from <i>Shakespeare's</i> King <i>Henry V.</i> with some Reflections on Elocution, by Mr. <i>Lownds</i>	156
The Hermit, a Tale, by Mr. <i>Pomroy</i>	161
Evidences of the Truth, and Excellency of the Christian Religion, by Mr. <i>Richardson</i>	169
Other Arguments in Proof of the same, by Mr. <i>Downing</i> and Mr. <i>Lovelace</i>	179





THE

Twelfth-Day-Gift;

OR, THE

Grand Exhibition.

MR. and Mrs. *Vainlove* were People of independent Fortune, and so useless in the World, that they cared for nobody, nor did any body care for them. They were joined in Wedlock, not by Affection but Convenience. Love and Reason had no Hand in the Match; Pride and Interest brought them together. In short, they married because their Fortunes united would put six Horses to their Coach; whereas separately they could drive but three. Thus Pride formed the Union, and Pride made them Slaves; for though they were happiest asunder, yet they were obliged to be together for the Sake of the Coach,

Coach, and of cutting a Figure, which was the only Thing they could agree in. Thus, plagued with each other, they travelled round the World, to seek Peace and Contentment, but found that, like gouty Patients, they carried their Pains always with them. They sometimes put on the Mask of Civility, yet were ever playing at cross Purposes. I think it is very hot To-day, says Mr. *Vainlove*, throw up the Sash *Tom*, and let in some Air. Heap on some Coals, and blow the Fire, says she, I am freezing. They were both fond of Veal, but neither would order it, because the other should not be gratified; and if one desired the Mutton to be roasted, the other would have Part boiled; so that it very often happened, that while one Part of a Joint was coddling in the Pot, the other hung over the Rim to be roasted in the Fire. They were one *Twelfth-Day* in the Morning at Matrimonial Shuttlecock, and throwing hard Words at each other, when two Men passed them, staggering under the Weight of a large Plumb-Cake, adorned with Coronets, and dressed with Flowers. Bless me, that is a fine Cake, says Mrs. *Vainlove*; so it is, says he; and this is the only Time, they were ever of the same Opinion, since the Day of their Marriage.

Marriage. What a strange Infatuation it is, that People should marry to make each other miserable, and barter Content and Happiness for a Coach and Six.

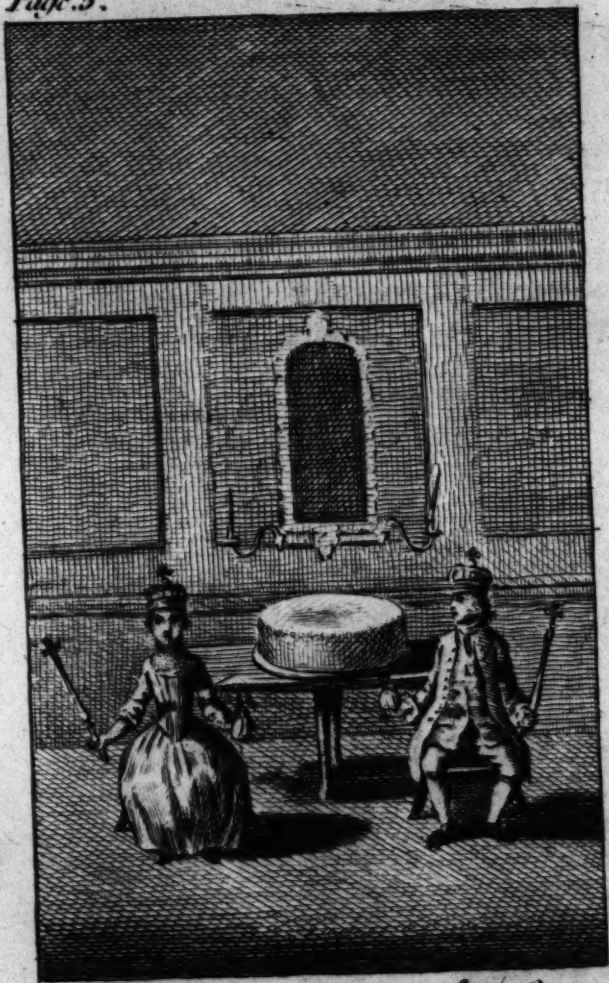
Woe will be at the Wedding, if Love is not a Guest.

Mr. *Vainlove* called to know where they were carrying that delicious Plumb-cake; and his Lady desired to have a Slice of it. Then, Madam, you must go with me, said a young Gentleman that stood by; for this Cake is intended for the *Bettering Society*. What Society is that, says Mr. *Vainlove*? Why it is a Number of young Gentlemen and Ladies, answered the other, who meet every *Twelfth-Day*, with their *Valentine Ledgers*, to see how they are improved in Learning, Virtue, and Happiness; and to endeavour to mend the World. *Valentine Ledger*, says Mrs. *Vainlove*, pray what can that be? Why, do not you keep a Ledger, Madam, says the young Gentleman? No, answered the Lady, nor do I know what it means. I am sorry for that, replied the other, for I do not see how you can be happy without it; and the People in this Country would have a very bad opinion of you, if they knew you did not keep an Account of
your

4 The TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT:

your Conduct. Ay, so they would, says another Gentleman; I am sure we shall be miserable without them. Before these Ledgers were used, we had nothing but Confusion in the Neighbourhood; the People were always quarrelling, robbing, and stealing, and such Enemies to Truth, that you could not believe a Word they said; but now we have no Disputes, no Occasion for Locks, or Bolts, the People are regular at their Devotions, constant at Church, happy in each other; and there is but one Man who ever tells a Lie in the Parish. Perhaps, it is for want of this Book we have been so miserable, my Dear, says Mr. *Vainlove*; let us go and see what it is. That you may, says the young Gentleman, if you please. The Society is now met at the Marquis of *Setstar's*, where, besides the young Gentlemen and Ladies concerned, you will see the Duke of *Galaxy*, and a great deal of good Company.

Just as we arrived at the Marquis of *Setstar's*, our little Gentry entered the great Hall with their *Ledgers* in their Hands, which contained two Accounts; that is to say, a moral Reckoning, or an Account of their good and bad Actions, which tended to make them good Citizens; and the other a Cash Account, or a Diary of their Expences, which tended



The King and Queen of the Year.



tended to make them good Economists. When they came into the Hall, the young Gentleman and Lady, who were elected King and Queen for the last Year, had Crowns placed on their Heads, and were seated at the upper End of the Room, by the Plumb-cake, in the Manner you see in the Picture, each of them holding in one Hand a large Orange for a Globe, and in the other a fine Scepter made of Sweetmeats. A Table Desk was then placed in the Middle of the Room, where they drew Cuts or Papers which were numbered, one, two, three, &c. as usual, to see who should give in their Account, and read first; for it is the Custom of the Members of this Society, when they have delivered up their Account, to read a Portion of any Book they think proper; as in this they are not directed, that the Company may the better discern their Taste and Judgement; and any of them may read a Piece of their own Composition, if they please. The first Cut, or Number one, was drawn by little *Tom Frinculo*, an Urchin just breeched; but he is a very pretty Fellow. His Eye was fixed on the great Plumb-cake, and that I suppose called to his Mind the Lesson which he read; for pulling out Mr. *Newbery's* New-Year's

Year's Gift out of his Pocket, he read the Account of Mrs. *Williams* dividing her Plumb-cake among the Scholars.

How Mrs. Williams managed her Cake.

Mrs. *Williams* having drawn the Cake from the Oven, all befrosted over with Egg and white Sugar, and by her Skill in Geometry, divided into equal Parts and Shares, each resembling a Wedge, she called for her Pupils, who were all in the next Room, and there came in, *Jemmy Dove*, *Billy Long*, *Tommy Hawes*, *Dicky Lovewell*, *Polly Grove*, *Betsy Sommers*, *Jenny Denham*, *Sally Brown*, and others, whose Names I cannot at this Time recollect.

As soon as Mrs. *Williams* had served the young Ladies, she called up Master *Hawes*, and offered him his Choice of the Cake before any of the other Boys; which gave some Uneasiness to the rest, and especially to Master *Long*, only Son to the Lord of the Manor, who said, "That truly he did not care whether he had any of the Cake or not, for *Tom Hawes*, who was only a tradesman's Son, had been served before him, though his Father was Lord of the Manor, and kept his Coach and Six." Upon which Mrs. *Williams* got up in so great a Hurry, that I really thought she was in a Passion (a Folly that

that I never knew her guilty of) however, if she was, she had the Prudence to conceal it from the children; and after pausing some Time, and fetching a deep Sigh, she spoke to them as follows.

“Pride is the Source or Fountain of most of our Misfortunes. It is a Canker that preys on the very Bud of Happiness, and often makes even those who have great Wealth and large Possessions, as miserable as the meanest Beggar. For what is all the World without Content? And Content and Pride never go Hand in Hand. Pride robs a Man of his Peace of Mind, without which there can be no solid Happiness. It concerns me, therefore, my dear Children, to root out that Vice from among you.

“You know, Master *Long*, it has always been my Custom at this Season, and indeed on every Occasion, to give due Countenance to Merit; and if you will suffer any of the rest of the Children to become better Scholars, and behave better than you, they must be served before you, and have the Preference in every Thing; for a Man without Merit, like a Weed in a Garden, is only an Incumbrance to the Community. But why is Master *Hawes's* Father reproached for being a Tradesman, pray? Is not the Trades-

8 The TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT:

man and the Farmer as useful to the Public as the Gentleman? I think they are. Without the Farmer you would have no Corn, and without the Tradesman, that Corn could not be ground, and made into Bread. Nay, you are indebted to Trade for the very Cloaths you wear, and but for the Tradesman you would not have a Shoe to your Foot. Even this Cake before me, which you so long for, is the Product of Husbandry and Trade. Farmer *Wilson* sowed the Corn, *Giles Jenkins* reaped it, Neighbour *Jones* at the Mill ground it, the Milk came from Farmer *Curtis*, the Eggs from *John Thomas* the Higgler; that Plumb came from *Turkey*, and this from *Spain*, the Sugar we had from *Jamaica*, the candied Sweetmeats from *Barbadoes*, and the Spices from the *East-Indies*. And will you offer to set a Trade at naught, when you see even a Plumb-cake cannot be made without it? It is true, my Dear, your Father is more respected and esteemed than any Gentleman in the Country. But why is he so? Not because he is a rich Man, but because he is a good Man. And you must never expect to reap the same Honours that have been heaped on your good Father, unless with his Estate you inherit his Virtues. Your Riches will
be

be of no Consequence to the Public, unless you have Generosity and Inclination to promote the Happiness of Mankind. A Man of Fortune, my Dear, that does no Good, does Harm; for he leads an idle Life; lives, like the Drone in the Bee-hive, by the Labour of others; and is in this Respect greatly inferior to an honest and industrious Tradesman."

Here Mrs. *Williams* stopped, Master *Long* blushed, and all the rest bowed respectfully and cried out, *Trade and Plumb-cake for ever!*

All the Company were pleased with the Propriety of the Lesson, and the Manner in which he read it; and having received their Applause, and made his Bow, he put his *Ledger* on the Table and retired.

The next in Turn was Miss *Biddy Blossom*, a fine young Lady indeed. She discovered her good Taste and Prudence by reading from *Telemachus*, the amiable Character of *Antiope*, as a proper Lesson to every one who would make a good Wife.

The Character of ANTIOPÉ.

Antiope is gentle, unaffected, and prudent; her Hands despise not Labour; she foresees Things at a great Distance; she provides against all Contingencies; she

knows how to be silent; she acts regularly without a Hurry, she is continually employed, but never embarrassed, because she does every Thing in its due Season; the good Order of her Father's House is her Glory; it adds a greater Lustre to her than her very Beauty. Though the Care of all lies upon her, and she is charged with the Burthen of reproving, refusing, sparing (Things that make almost all other Women hated) she has acquired the Love of all the Household; and this, because they find not in her either Passion, or Conceitedness, or Levity, or Humour, as in other Women. With a single Glance of her Eye they know her Meaning; and are afraid to displease her: The Orders she gives are plain; she commands nothing but what may be performed; she reproves with Kindness, and her Reproofs are Incentives to do better: Her Father's Heart reposes itself upon her, as a Traveller, fainting under the Sun's, sultry Rays, reposes itself upon the tender Grass under a shady Tree. *Antiope* is a Treasure worthy to be sought for, even in the most remote Regions; neither her Mind, nor her Person, is ever trimmed with vain gaudy Ornaments; her Fancy, though sprightly, is yet discreet; she never speaks but
when

when there is an absolute Occasion ; and when she opens her Mouth, soft Persuasion and genuine Graces flow from her Lips. The Moment she begins to speak, every Body else is silent ; which throws a bashful Confusion into her Face ; she could find in her Heart to suppress what she was about to say ; when she perceives she is so attentively listened to ; for my Part I have scarce ever heard her speak.

When her Father, one Day, sent for her, she appeared with her Eyes cast down, covered with a large Veil, and spoke no more than just enough to moderate the Anger of *Idomeneus*, who was going to inflict a rigorous Punishment upon one of his Slaves. At first, she took Part with him in his Vexation, then she calmed him, at last she intimated to him what might be alledged in Excuse for the poor Wretch ; and without letting the King know that he was transported beyond due Bounds, she inspired into him Sentiments of Justice and Compassion. — *Thetis*, when she sooths old *Nereus*, does not appease with more Sweetness the raging Billows. Thus *Antiope*, without assuming any Authority, and without taking Advantage of her Charms, will one Day manage the Heart of a Husband, as she now touches

her Lyre, when she would draw from it the most melting Sounds. Once again, I tell you, *Telemachus*, your Love for her is well grounded; the Gods design her for you; you love her with a rational Affection, but you must wait 'till *Ulysses* grant her to you. I commend you for not having discovered your Sentiments to her; but know, that if you had taken any indirect Methods to let her know your Designs, she would have rejected them, and have lost her Esteem for you; she will never promise herself to any one, but will leave herself to be disposed of by her Father: She will never take for her Comfort a Man who does not fear the Gods, and who does not acquit himself of all the Duties that are incumbent upon him. Have you not observed, as well as I, that she appears less in Sight than she used to do, and casts her Eyes more to the Ground, since your Return? She knows all the Successes that have attended you in the War; she is not ignorant either of your birth, or of your Adventures; or of any Thing that the Gods have bestowed upon you; and it is this that renders her so modest, and so reserved. Come, let us go, *Telemachus*, let us go to *Ithaca*; there now remains nothing more for me to do, but to bring you
to





*Aeneas bearing his Father & Son from
the Flames of Troy.*

to your Father, and to put you in a Condition to obtain a Bride worthy of the golden Age. Were she a Shepherdess on the frosty Mount *Algidus*, as she is the Daughter of the King of *Salentum*, you would be the happiest of Men in the Enjoyment of her Company.

The next called up was Master *Groves*, who gave us that Lesson of Filial Piety and Affection from *Virgil*, where *Aeneas* is represented, as bearing off his aged Father, his dear Wife, and infant Son from the Flames of *Troy*. To shew his Learning, he first read the Story in the original Latin, and then gave us the following Translation from Mr. *Dryden*. This Story gained him the more Applause, from its being suitable to his Character and Turn of Mind; for he was remarkably dutiful and good to his Father and Mother. Having learned to draw, he left, on the Table, a Picture which he had made from the Poet's Description; and here it is.

*AENEAS's Account of his Escape from TROY,
and of the Loss of his dear Wife CREUSA.*

The crackling Flames appear on high,
And driving Sparkles dance along the Sky.

With

Or weary fate, or wander'd with Affright;
But she was lost for ever to my Sight.
This was the fatal Blow, that pain'd me more
Than all I felt from ruin'd *Troy* before.

As Master *Groves* had presented us with
the Picture of a dutiful Son, Miss *Smith*,
who was next called upon, read us from
some Book (but I forgot what) the following
Account of a dutiful Daughter.

THE DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

The *Prætor* at *Rome* had given up to the
Triumvir a Woman of some *Rank*, con-
demned for a capital Crime, to be executed
in the *Prison*. He, who had Charge of the
Execution, in Consideration of her *Birth*,
did not immediately put her to Death. He
even ventured to let her Daughter have Ac-
cess to her in the *Prison*; carefully searching
her, however, as she went in, lest she
should carry with her any *Sustenance*; con-
cluding, that, in a few Days, the Mother
must, of Course, perish for *Want*, and that
the Severity of putting a Woman of *Family*
to a violent Death, by the Hand of the Exe-
cutioner, would thus be avoided. Some
Days passing in this Manner, the *Triumvir*
began to wonder, that the Daughter still
came

came to visit her Mother, and could by *no Means comprehend*, how the latter should *live so long*. *Watching*, therefore, *carefully*, what passed in the Interview between them, he found, to his *great Astonishment*, that the *Life* of the *Mother* had been all this while, supported by the *Milk* of the *Daughter*, who came to the *Prison* every *Day*, to give her *Mother* her *Breast* to *suck*. This *strange Contrivance* between them were represented to the *Judges*, and procured a *Pardon* for the *Mother*. Nor was it thought sufficient to give to so *dutiful a Daughter* the forfeited *Life* of her condemned Parent; for they were both *maintained* afterwards by a *Pension* settled on them for *Life*. And the *Ground*, upon which the *Prison* stood, was *consecrated*, and a *Temple* built upon it to *Filial Pity*.

What will not *filial Duty* contrive, or what *Hazards* will it not run? What was ever heard of more *strange*, than a *Mother sucking* the *Breasts* of her own *Daughter*? It might even seem so *unnatural*, as to render it doubtful, whether it might not be, in some Sort, *wrong*; if it were not for this *Consideration*, that *Duty to Parents* is the *first Law of Nature*.

Master *Simpson*, the next in Turn, who was the best Scholar in Company, and as Master *Groves* had received so much Applause from his Lesson on Filial Piety, this young Gentleman gave us a Lesson on Paternal Affection, and ancient Hospitality; which was that of *Priam's* going to the Tent of *Achilles*, to beg the Body of his Son *Hector*. This Passage he read in Greek to the whole Company, and then gave us the following Translation from Mr. Pope. Having received the Applause of all present, he retired.

PRIAM at the Tent of ACHILLES.

Unseen by all, the King his Entry made,
And prostrate now before *Achilles* laid,
Sudden (a venerable Sight!) appears;
Embrac'd his Knees, and bath'd his Hands in
Tears;

Those direful Hands his Kisses press'd, embru'd
Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his Blood!

As when a Wretch (who conscious of his
Crime,
Pursu'd for Murder, flies his native Clime)
Just gains some Frontier, breathless, pale!
amaz'd!

All gaze, all wonder; thus *Achilles* gaz'd:
Thus stood th' Attendants, stupid with Surprise;
All mute, yet seem'd to question with their
Eyes:

Each

18 The TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT:

Each look'd on other, none the Silence broke,
'Till thus at last the kingly Suppliant spoke:

Ah think, thou favour'd of the Pow'rs di-
vine!

Think of thy Father's Age, and pity mine!
In me, that Father's rev'rend Image trace,
Those silver Hairs, that venerable Face:

His trembling Limbs, his helpless Person, see!
In all my equal, but in Misery!

Yet now, perhaps, some Turn of human Fate
Expels him helpless from his peaceful State;

Think from some pow'rful Foe thou see'st him
fly,

And beg Protection with a feeble Cry.

Yet still one Comfort in his Soul may rise:

He hears his Son still lives to glad his Eyes;

And hearing still may hope, a better Day

May send him thee, to chase that Foe away.

No Comfort to my Grievs, no Hopes remain,

The best, the bravest of my Sons are slain!

Yet, what a Race 'e're *Greece* to *Ilium* came,

The Pledge of many a lov'd, and loving Dame;

Nineteen one Mother bore--Dead, all are dead!

How oft, alas! has wretched *Priam* bled?

Still one was left, their Loss to recompense:

His Father's Hope, his Country's last Defence.

Him too thy Rage has slain! beneath thy Steel

Unhappy in his Country's Cause he fell.

For him, thro' hostile Camps I bent my
Way,

For him thus prostrate at thy Feet I lay;

Large Gifts proportion'd to thy Wrath I bear;

Oh hear the wretched, and the Gods revere.

Think

Think of my Father, and this Face behold !
 See him in me, as helpless and as old !
 Tho' not so wretched ; there he yields to me,
 The first of Men in sov'reign Misery.
 Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace
 The Scourge and Ruin of my Realm and Race :
 Suppliant my Children's Murderer to implore,
 And kiss those Hands yet reeking with their
 Gore !

These Words soft Pity in the Chief inspire,
 Touch'd with the dear Remembrance of his
 Sire.

Then with his Hand (as prostrate still he lay)
 The old Man's Cheek he gently turn'd away.
 Now each by Turns indulg'd the Gush of Woe ;
 And now the mingled Tides together flow :
 This low on Earth, that gentle bending o'er,
 A Father one, and one a Son deplore :
 But great *Achilles*, diff'rent Passions rend,
 And now his Sire he mourns, and now his Friend.
 Th' infectious Softness thro' the Heroes ran ;
 One universal solemn Show'r began ;
 They bore as Heroes, but they felt as Man,
 Satiated at length with unavailing Woes,
 From the high Throne diving *Achilles* rose ;
 The rev'rend Monarch by the Hand he rais'd,
 On his white Beard and Form majestic gaz'd,
 Not unrelenting : then serene began
 With Words to sooth the miserable Man.

Alas ! What Weight of Anguish hast thou
 known ?

Unhappy Prince ! thus guardless and alone
 C To

To pass thro' Foes, and thus undaunted face
 The Man whose Fury had destroy'd thy Race!
 Heav'n sure has arm'd thee with a Heart of Steel;
 A Strength proportion'd to the Woes you feel.
 Rise then! let Reason mitigate our Care:
 To mourn avails not: Man is born to bear.
 Such is, alas! the Gods severe Decree:
 They, only they are bless'd, and only free.
 Two Urns by *Jove's* high Throne have ever stood,
 The Source of Evil one, and one of Good;
 From thence the Cup of mortal Man he fills,
 Blessings to these, to those distributes Ills;
 To most, he mingles both; the Wretch decreed
 To taste the bad unmix'd, is curst indeed;
 Pursu'd by Wrongs, by meagre Famine driv'n,
 He wanders, out-cast both of Earth and Heav'n.
 The happiest taste not Happiness sincere,
 But find the cordial Draught is dash'd with Care.
 What must be, must be. Bear thy Lot, nor shed
 These unavailing Sorrows o'er the Dead;
 Thou can'st not call him from the *Stygian* Shore,
 But thou alas! may'st live to suffer more!

To whom the King, O favour'd of the Skies!
 Here let me grow to Earth! since *Hector* lies
 On the bare Beach, depriv'd of Obsequies. }
 O give me *Hector*! To my Eyes restore
 His Corse and take the Gifts; I ask no more.
 Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless Stores
 enjoy;
 Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy Wrath from
Troy,

So shall thy Pity and Forbearance give
 A weak old Man to see the Light and live!

Move

Move me no more (*Achilles* thus replies,
While kindling Anger sparkled in his Eyes)
Nor seek by Tears my steady Soul to bend;
To yield thy *Hector* I myself intend.
Cease; lest, neglectful of high *Jove's* Com-
mand,

I show thee, King! Thou tread'st on hostile
Land;

Release my Knees, thy suppliant Arts give o'er,
And shake the Purpose of my Soul no more.

The Sire obey'd him, trembling and o'er aw'd.
Achilles, like a Lion, rush'd abroad:
Automidon and *Alcimus* attend,
(Whom most he honour'd, since he lost his
Friend;)

There to unyoke the Mules and Horses went,
And led the hoary Herald to the Tent;
Next heap'd on high the num'rous Presents bear
(Great *Hector's* Ransom) from the polish'd Car,
Two splendid Mantles, and a Carpet spread,
They leave; to cover, and inwrap the Dead,
Then call the Handmaids with assistant Toil
To wash the Body, and anoint with Oil;
Apart from *Priam* left th' unhappy Sire
Provok'd to Passion, once more rous'd to Ire
The stern *Pelides*; and nor sacred Age,
Nor *Jove's* Command should check the rising
Rage.

This done, the Garments o'er the Corse they
spread;

Achilles lifts it to the fun'ral Bed:
Then, while the Body on the Car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd *Patroclus* Shade.

He said, and ent'ring, took his Seat of State,
 Where full before him rev'rend *Priam* sat:
 To whom, compos'd, the godlike Chief begun,
 Lo; to thy Pray'r restor'd, thy breathless Son;
 Extended on the fun'ral Couch he lies:
 And soon as Morning paints the eastern Skies,
 The Sight is granted to thy longing Eyes;
 But now the peaceful Hours of sacred Night
 Demand Reflection, and to rest invite:
 Nor thou, O Father, thus consum'd with Woe,
 The common Cares that nourish Life forego.

Such Griefs, O King! have other Parents
 known;

Remember their's, and mitigate thy own.
 The Care of Heav'n thy *Hector* has appear'd,
 Nor shall he lie unwept, and uninter'd;
 Soon may thy aged Cheeks in Tears be drown'd,
 And all the Eyes of *Ilion* stream around.

He said, and rising, chose the Victim Ewe
 With silver Fleece, which his Attendants slew.
 The Limbs they sever from the reeking Hide,
 With Skill prepare them, and in Parts divide:
 Each on the Coals the sep'rate Mortal lays,
 And hasty snatches from the rising Blaze:
 With Bread the glitt'ring Canisters they load,
 Which round the Board *Automedon* bestow'd:
 The Chief himself to each his Portion plac'd;
 And each indulging shar'd in sweet Repast,
 When now the Rage of Hunger was repress'd,
 The wond'ring Hero eyes his royal Guest;
 No less the royal Guest the Hero eyes,
 His godlike Aspect and majestic Size;

Here

Here; youthful Grace, and noble Fire engage,
And there the mild Benevolence of Age.
Thus gazing long, the Silence neither broke,
(A solemn Scene!) at length the Father spoke.

Permit me now, belov'd of *Jove*! To sleep
My careful Temples in the Dew of Sleep:
For since the Day that number'd with the Dead
My hapless Son, the Dust has been my Bed;
Soft Sleep a Stranger to my weeping Eyes,
My only Good, my Sorrows and my Sighs!
'Till now encourag'd by the Grace you give,
I share thy Banquet! and consent to live.

With that *Achilles* bade prepare the Bed,
With Purple soft, and shaggy Carpets spread;
Forth, by the flaming Lights, they bend their
Way,

And place the Couches, and the Cov'nings lay.
Then he: Now Father sleep, but sleep not here;
Consult thy Safety, and forgive my Fear,
Lest any *Argive* (at this Hour awake,
To ask our Counsel, or our Orders take)
Approaching sudden to our open'd Tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our Grace prevent.
Should such report thy honour'd Person here,
The King of Men, the Ransom might defer:
But say with Speed if ought of thy Desire
Remains unask'd; what Time the Rites require
T'inter thy *Hector*? For so long we stay
Our slaught'ring Arm, and bid the Hosts obey.

If then they will permit (the Monarch said)
To finish all due Honours to the Dead,
This of thy Grace accord; to thee are known
The Fears of *Ilion* clos'd within her Town,

24 The TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT :

And at what Distance from our Walls aspire
 The Hills of *Ide*, and Forests for the Fire.
 Nine Days to vent our Sorrows I request,
 The Tenth shall see the Fun'ral and the Feast.
 The next, to raise his Monument be giv'n;
 The Twelfth we war, if War be doom'd by
 Heav'n!

This, thy Request, reply'd the Chief, enjoy;
 'Till then, our Arms suspend the Fall of *Troy*.

The next Lot fell on Miss *Patty Summers*,
 a pretty little Girl, who got up and read the
 following Character from the *Lilliputian*
Magazine; and then made the most delicate
 Curtesy I ever saw in my Life.

The Character of Miss SALLY SILENCE.

Miss SALLY SILENCE was to be sure the
 best little Girl in the World. She did every
 Thing her Pappa and Mamma bid her:
 Nay, more—She endeavoured to avoid giv-
 ing them that Trouble; for, if she knew of
 any Thing they wanted, away she ran for
 it in an Instant, and agreeably surprized
 them with what they had Occasion for, be-
 fore they had even Time to ask for it. This
 to be sure made every Body admire her; but
 what rendered her still more amiable, was
 her great Love of Truth, and her vast Dis-
 like to Noise and Nonsense. When other
 Girls

Girls were hollowing, quarrelling, and disturbing the whole Neighbourhood, she was demure and silent. Now, there lived in that Country a certain Duke, who valued his Peace and Quiet above every earthly Blessing; he made his Addresses to several Ladies, but found they were proud, conceited, and too much given to Prattle; at last, being informed of Miss SALLY's good Sense, Virtue, and prudent Behaviour, he made her several Visits, and was so charmed with her Chearfulness and sweet Disposition, that he married her, though she had not a Farthing to her Fortune; and made her the great golden Duchess of *Downright*. Soon after his Grace was married, he bought her a fine gilt Coach, on which were painted two Doves, with an Olive Branch, to represent their Peace and conjugal Affection; and she was drawn by six Milk-white Horses, as an Emblem of her Virtue and Innocence. She lived with my Lord Duke in a State of Happiness for many Years; and when she died, he ordered this Epitaph to be inscribed on her Tomb, as a Lesson to all little Girls.

Here lies the Remains of the Duchess of

DOWNRIGHT,

Who, when a Maiden, was no other
than SARAH SILENCE,

A poor

A poor Farmer's Daughter;
From her Attachment to GOODNESS she
became GREAT:

Her Virtue raised her from a mean State
to an high Degree of Honour,
And

Her INNOCENCE procured her Peace in her
last Moments.

She smiled even in Agony,
And embraced Death as a friendly Pilot
who was to steer her
To a more exalted State of Bliss.

LITTLE READER,
Whoever thou art, observe these her Rules;
and become thyself

A Copy of this bright EXAMPLE.

Be chearful, but be innocent.—Be oblig-
ing to all, though familiar with none but the
Good.—Hear what all Men say, but take
Counsel only of the Wise.—Never be tempt-
ed to tell a Lie, nor do any Thing whereby
your Virtue and Honesty may be called in
Question; for among all your Grandeur,
all your Riches and Equipage, those are
your brightest and most valuable Gems.—
Be peaceable, and be happy—love your
Friends, love your Neighbours, love your
Enemies; but above all, love, honour, and
adore that ALMIGHTY BEING, who gave
you

you Being; observe his Laws which are written in the Holy Scriptures; and in the Midst of your Misfortunes, if you meet with any, rely entirely on his Protection; who is a Father to the Fartherless, who putteth down the Wicked from their Seat, and exalteth the Humble and Meek.

After this little *Tom Wilson* arose and read us, from a Book he had in his Pocket, the following Tale, which he called;

A CURE for AMBITION.

When *Dionysius* was the Tyrant of *Sicily*, *Damocles*, one of his Flatterers, was complimenting him upon his Power, his Treasures, and the Magnificence of his Royal State, and affirming that no Monarch ever was greater, or happier than he. "Have you a mind, *Damocles*, says the King, "to taste this Happiness, and know by Experience, what my Enjoyments are, of which you have so high an Idea?" *Damocles* gladly accepted the Offer. Upon which the King ordered, that a royal Banquet should be prepared, the gilded Couch placed for him, covered with rich Embroidery, and the Side-boards loaded with gold and silver Plate of immense Value. Pages of extraordinary Worth were ordered to wait on him

at

at Table; and to obey his Commands with the *greatest Readiness*, and the most *profound submission*. Neither *Ointments*, *Chaplets of Flowers*, nor rich *Perfumes* were wanting, and the Table was loaded with the most *exquisite Delicacies of every Kind*.

Damocles fancied himself among the Gods; but in the *Midst* of all his *Happiness*, he saw let down from the *Roof*, exactly over his *Neck*, as he lay indulging himself in *State*, a *glittering Sword*, hung by a single *Thread*. The *Sight of Destruction*, thus *threatening* him from on high, soon put a *Stop* to his *Joy* and *Revelling*. The *Pomp* of his *Attendance*, and the *Glitter* of the *carved Plate*, gave him no longer any *Pleasure*. He *dreads* to *stretch forth* his *Hand* to the *Table*. He *throws off* the *Chaplet of Roses*. He *removes* hastily from his *dangerous Situation*; and at last *begs* the *King* to *restore* him to his *former humble Condition*, having no *Desire* to enjoy any longer such a *dreadful Kind of Happiness*.

The next who read was a young *Gentleman*, whose *Name* I have forgot. He seemed to be a *Lad of Wit and Humour*, and gave us the following *Piece*, which he called.

The CASTLE BUILDER.

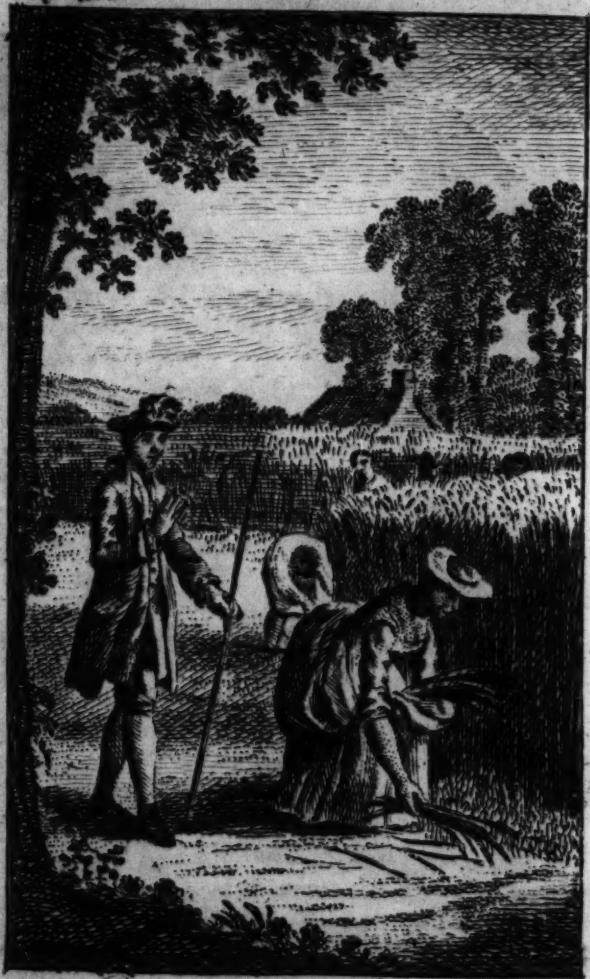
How poorly your *Projectors* fare,
That build their *Castles* in the *Air*?
Still tower'ing on from *Scheme* to *Scheme*,
They top *Olympus* in a *Dream*;
But waking find (nineteen i'th' *Score*)
Themselves far lower than *before*;
Of these the *Instances* are many,
And this will serve as well as any.

It happen'd on a *Summer's Day*,
A *Country Lass*, as fresh as *May*,
Deck'd in a wholesome *Russet Gown*,
Was going to the *Market Town*;
So blithe her *Looks*, so simply clean,
You'd take her for a *May-day-queen*;
Save 'Head of *Garland*, says the *Tale*,
Her *Head* bore *Brindy's* loaded *Pail*.
As on her *Way* she pass'd along,
She hum'd the *Fragments* of a *Song*;
She did not hum for *Want of Thought*,
Quite pleas'd with what to *Sale* she brought;
And reckon'd by her own *Account*,
When all was sold, the whole *Amount*.
Thus she—In *Time* this little *Ware*
May turn to great *Account* with *Care*:
My *Milk* being sold for—*so* and *so*,
I'll buy some *Eggs* as *Markets* go,
And set them—at the *Time* I fix,
These *Eggs* will bring as many *Chicks*;

I'll spare no *Pains* to feed them well,
 They'll bring vast *Profit* when they sell.
 With this I'll buy a little *Pig*,
 And when 'tis grown up fat and big,
 I'll sell it, whether *Boar* or *Sow*;
 And with the *Money* buy a *Cow*;
 This *Cow* will surely have a *Calf*,
 And there the *Profit's* half in half;
 Besides, there's *Butter*, *Milk* and *Cheese*,
 To keep the *Market* when I please;
 All which I'll sell and buy a *Farm*,
 Then shall of *Sweethearts* have a *Swarm*.
 Oh! then for *Ribbands*, *Gloves* and *Rings*!
 Ay! more than twenty pretty *Things*.
 One brings me *this*, another *that*,
 And I shall have—the *Lord* knows *what*.
 Fir'd with the *Thoughts*, the frantic *Lass*,
 Of what was *thus* to come to *pass*,
 Her *Heart* beat strong, she gave a *Bound*,
 And down came *Milk-Pail* on the *Ground*,
Eggs, *Fowls*, *Pig*, *Hog* (ah well-a-day)
Cow, *Calf* and *Farm*—all swam away.
 Be warn'd by this, ye *British Fair*,
 And build no *Castles* in the *Air*.

The next in Turn was Miss *Mansell*, a
 young Lady greatly admired for her good
 Sense and Accomplishments. She read us
 from Mr. *Thompson's* *Seasons*, the Story of
Phaeton and *Lavinia*, which, she observed,
 the Poet had borrowed from that of *Ruth*
 in the Old Testament.





Palemon and Lavinia.

PALEMON and LAVINIA.

Soon as the Morning trembles o'er the Sky,
 And unperceiv'd unfolds the spreading Day;
 Before the ripen'd Field the Reapers stand,
 In fair Array: Each by the Lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher Part and mitigate,
 By nameless gentle Offices, her Toil.
 At once they stoop and swell the lusty Sheaves!
 While thro' their chearful Band the rural Talk,
 The rural Scandal, and the rural Jest,
 Fly harmless to deceive the tedious Time,
 And steal unfelt the sultry Hours away.
 Behind the Master walks, builds up the Shocks;
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every Side
 His fated Eye, feels his Heart heave with Joy.
 The Gleaners spread around, and here and there,
 Spike after Spike, their scanty Harvest pick.
 Be not too narrow, Husbandmen! but fling
 From the full Sheaf, with charitable Stealth,
 The liberal Handful. Think, oh grateful think!
 How good the GOD of HARVEST is to you;
 Who pours Abundance o'er your flowing Fields,
 While these unhappy Partners of your Kind,
 Wide hover round you, like the Fowls of Heaven,
 And ask their humble Dole. The various Turns
 Of Fortune ponder; that your Sons may want
 What now, with hard Reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young LAVINIA once had Friends;
 And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her Birth.
 For, in her helpless Years depriv'd of all,
 Of every Stay, save Innocence and HEAVEN,
 She with her widow'd Mother, feeble, old,

D

And

And poor, liv'd in a Cottage, far retir'd
 Among the Windings of a woody Vale;
 By Solitude and deep surrounding Shades,
 But more by bashful Modesty, conceal'd.
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel Scorn
 Which Virtue, sunk to Poverty, would meet
 From giddy Passion, and low minded Pride:
 Almost on Nature's common Bounty fed;
 Like the gay Birds that sung them to repose,
 Content and careless of To-morrow's Fare,
 Her Form was fresher than the morning Rose,
 When the Dew wets its Leaves; unstain'd and
 pure

As is the Lilly, or the mountain Snow.
 The modest Virtues mingled in her Eyes,
 Still on the Ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid Beams into the blooming Flowers,
 Or when the mournful Tale her Mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortunes promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her Thought, they, like the dewy Star
 Of Evening, shone in Tears. A native Grace
 Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd Limbs,
 Veil'd in her simple Robe, their best Attire,
 Beyond the Pomp of Dress; for Loveliness
 Needs not the foreign Aid of Ornament,
 But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of Beauty, she was Beauty's Self,
 Recluse amid the close embow'ring Woods.
 As in the hollow Breast of *Appennine*,
 Beneath the Shelter of encircling Hills,
 A Myrtle rises, far from human Eye,
 And breathes its balmy Fragrance o'er the Wild;
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,

The

The sweet LAVINIA : 'till, at length, compell'd
By strong Necessity's supreme Command,
With smiling Patience in her Looks, she went
To glean PALEMON's Fields. The Pride of
Swains.

PALEMON was, the generous and the rich ;
Who led the rural Life in all its Joy
And Elegance, such as *Arcadian* Song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted Times ;
When tyrant Custom had not shackled Man,
But free to follow Nature was the Mode.
He then, his Fancy with autumnal Scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper Train
To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his Eye ;
Unconscious of her Power, and turning quick
With unaffected Blushes from his Gaze :
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The Charms her down-cast Modesty conceal'd,
That very Moment Love and chaste Desire
Sprung in his Bosom, to himself unknown ;
For still the World prevail'd, and its dread Laugh,
Which scarce the firm Philosopher can scorn,
Should his Heart own a Gleaner in the Field :
And thus in Secret to his Soul he sigh'd.
“ What Pity ! that so delicate a Form,
“ By Beauty kindled, where enlivening Sense
“ And more than vulgar Goodness seem to
 dwell,
“ Should be devoted to the rude Embrace
“ Of some indecent Clown ! She looks, methinks,
“ Of old ACASTO's Line ; and to my Mind
“ Recalls that Patron of my happy Life,
“ From whom my liberal Fortune took it's Rise ;

- " Now to the Dust gone down ; his Houses,
 Land,
 " And once fair spreading Family, dissolv'd.
 " 'Tis said in some lone obscure Retreat,
 " Urg'd by Remembrance sad, and decent
 Pride,
 " Far from those Scenes which knew their bet-
 ter Days,
 " His aged Widow and his Daughter live,
 " Whom yet my fruitless Search could never find,
 " Romantic wish ; would this the Daughter
 were."

When, strict enquiring from herself he found
 She was the same, the Daughter of his Friend,
 Of bountiful ACASTO ; who can speak
 The mingled Passions that surpriz'd his Heart,
 And thro' his Nerves, in shivering Transport
 ran ?

Then blaz'd his smother'd Flame, avow'd, and
 bold ;

And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, Gratitude, and Pity, wept at once.
 Confus'd and fright'ned at his sudden Tears,
 Her rising Beauties flush'd a higher Bloom,
 As thus PALEMÓN, passionate, and just,
 Pour'd out the pious Rapture of his Soul.

" And art thou then ACASTO's dear Re-
 mains ?

- " She, whom my restless Gratitude has sought
 " So long in vain ? O Heav'ns ! the very same,
 " The soften'd Image of my noble Friend,
 " Alive his very Look, is every Feature,
 " More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring !

" Thou

- " Thou sole surviving Blossom from the Root
 " That nourish'd up my Fortune! Say, ah where,
 " In what sequester'd Desert, hast thou drawn
 " The kindest Aspect of delighted HEAVEN?
 " Into such Beauty spread, and blown so fair;
 " Tho' Poverty's cold Wind, and crushing Rain,
 " Beat keen and heavy on thy tender Years?
 " O let me now, into a richer Soil,
 " Transplant thee safe! where vernal Suns and
 Showers
 " Diffuse their warmest, largest Influence;
 " And of my Garden be the Pride and Joy.
 " Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
 " ACASTO's Daughter; his whose open Stores;
 " Tho' vast were little to his ampler Heart,
 " The Father of a Country, thus to pick
 " The very Refuse of those harvest Fields,
 " Which from his bounteous Friendship I en-
 joy.
 " Then throw thy shameful Pittance from thy
 Hand,
 " But ill apply'd to such a rugged Task;
 " The Fields, the Master, all, my Fair, are
 thine;
 " If to the various Blessings which thy House
 " Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that Bliss,
 " That dearest Bliss, the Power of blessing
 thee!"

Here ceas'd the Youth: Yet still his speaking
 Eye

Express'd the sacred Triumph of his Soul,
 With conscious Virtue, Gratitude and Love,
 Above the vulgar Joy divinely rais'd,

36 The TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT :

Nor waited his Reply. Won by the Charm
Of Goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet Disorder lost, she blush'd Consent.
The News immediate to her Mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious Thought she pin'd
away

The lonely Moments for LAVINIA's Fate ;
Amaz'd and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd Veins, and one bright
Gleam

Of setting Life shone on her Evening Hours ;
Not less enraptur'd than the happy Pair ;
Who flourish'd long in tender Bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the Grace of all the Country round.

Here Mr. and Mrs. *Vainlove* looked at each other, and seemed to wish that they had married on the same Principle, and not altogether for Money, which was unfortunately their Case ; and as all the Company knew how unhappily they lived, *Bob Short*, who was a droll sensible Boy, got up and read the following Story.

An extraordinary Cure for an extraordinary Disorder, said to be extracted from the Works of a learned Author, now preparing for the Press.

In the City of London, which is the Metropolis of Great Britain, and situated in
North

North Latitude 51d. 31m. the Inhabitants are subject to a very extraordinary Disorder, which affects most People, and proves the Destruction of many Families. It is called in *English* the *Groggles*, and discovers itself by several very peculiar Symptoms. The Patient is first seized with an Uneasiness in his Mind, and is out of Humour with every Body and every Thing, without knowing why or wherefore. After some Time the *Fidgits* come on, especially if he is in Company with People who cross any of his Purposes, and he will at Times rave, stare, and do the most indiscreet Actions. What makes this Complaint the more alarming, is its being catching; not by Contact, or by Effluvia, as eruptive Disorders are, but by the Sight and the Hearing; for the Eyes and the Ears are the Organs by which it is first imbibed; and one Man, who has received the Infection, will immediately communicate it to another; so that you may often see fifty People affected at the same Time, and all doing the most dreadful and daring Actions to the Injury of each other, and of themselves; and it is remarkable, that this Disorder, though so dreadful in its Consequences, mostly affects Husbands and Wives, Parents and Children

Children, Friends and Relations, and Partners in Trade.

A Distemper so contagious would have spread farther, and have done more Mischief in the World, but for the following Discovery. Mr. *Thomas Drummond*, who was afflicted with this Complaint, which came on him soon after Marriage, and increased as he grew in Years, had a Wife who was endowed with singular good Sense. This good Woman having heard Mr. *Dryden's* Ode on the Power of Music, and read the Account of the evil Spirit's being played away from *Saul*, naturally concluded, that Music might relieve her Husband; for she found that most People had somewhat of the evil Spirit about them; accordingly she bought a Harp, privately learned to play, and one Day, when her Husband came home in a Fit, instead of talking much to convince him that he was a Fool, as had been usual, she only sat down, and gave him a Tune, which was accompanied with this Song.

I.

Ah *Thomas*, what makes you so sulky and sad;
Have you wet your poor *Nose* on the *Kettle*?
Or did you when first you got up in the Morn
Unwittingly *water a Nettle*?

If

Or, the GRAND EXHIBITION. 39

If you're subject, my Dear, to such Evils as these,
You should listen to me and take Warning ;
For a Man may at all Times be sure of good

Luck

Who gets up the *right Way* in the Morning.

II.

Shake off this unmanly Behaviour, I pray,
And cast away Trouble and Sorrow,
For he that shall dine on a *Dumpling* To-day,
May chance to eat *roast Meat* To-morrow ;
Ah think on the Happiness once we have had,
Reflect on the Days we have spent,
And you'll find that the best of all Blessings is

Peace,

And the choicest of Cordials *Content*.

The effect was so surprizing, that in a Quarter of an Hour the Man was perfectly well, and continued so 'till he grew bad again, and then the Fit was played off in the same Manner.

Now as it sometimes happened, that Mrs. *Drummond* had a Fit of the *Groggles*, as well as her Husband, he who had seen the good Effects of the Instrument, bought a Harp also to play to his Wife; which was indeed necessary, for their was no getting at her Harp, or coming near her during the Continuance of the Fit: Mr. *Drummond*

mond had also learned to play; and the first Time he put this Scheme in Practice, was when she, poor Woman, had broke a Glass, spilt a Salt-seller, tore her new Top-knot, and was in a most dreadful Agitation. It was then he tuned up, without attempting to reason, which is so much like harping upon the same String, that it never does any Good. Next to Melody, Silence is, in this Case, the great Secret, and therefore he played some Time without speaking, and then sung the following Song.

I.

My Dear, why this terrible Cloud on your Brow?
 You should these Emotions controul;
 I can see by the Index that turns in your Eye,
 Some Tempest is shaking your Soul.
 Pray let not that Face be disorder'd and sad,
 Which us'd to be open and free,
 But scatter your *Frowns* and your *Whimsies* abroad,
 And bring home good *Humour* to me.

II.

The Hounds that are collar'd, and link'd in a
 Chain,
 Are chearful in all Sorts of Weather;
 And the Oxen, tho' yok'd to a cumb'rous Load,
 Contendedly jog on together :

Then

Then learn of the Creatures that range in the
Fields

To cast away Sorrow and Strife;
And kiss me—and let us continue to live
More like *Friends*, than like *Husband and Wife*.

This had such an amazing Effect, that she kissed her Husband, thanked him for his prudent Behaviour, and promised never more to be out of Humour. Which Promise, however, she was unable to keep, yet she never was so ill, but the Harp would reduce her to Temper; and by the Help of that Instrument, they were enabled to live together peaceably, though in the same House, all the Days of their Lives.

I should think, that Harps of this Kind would be proper Presents for Monarchs and great Men; who are often troubled with the *Groggles*, and set the World in Flames without knowing why or wherefore; for indeed there is as little Reason for some of their Actions, as there was for that Block-head *Alexander's* plundering the poor *Indians*, and burning their Goods, because they were of no Use to him, or to his Banditti.

Miss *Sprightly*, perceiving this Piece had affected Mr. and Mrs. *Vainlove*, and that they were inclined to have a better understanding and be Friends, turned to the
Poems

Poems published by Mr. *Newbery* for Children of *Six Feet high*, and read the following Tale, which she thought might forward the good Work.

The POWER of INNOCENCE.

A northern Pair, we wave the Name,
Rich, young, and not unknown to Fame,
When first the nuptial State they try'd,
With fabled Gods in Pleasure vy'd.
New to the mighty Charm they feel
A Joy that all their Looks reveal.
We love whate'er have Power to please,
So Nature's ancient Law decrees ;
And thus the Pair while each had Pow'r,
To bless the fond sequester'd Hour,
With mutual *Love* enraptur'd glow,
And love in kind *Complacence* show.
But when *familiar* Charms no more
Inspire the Bliss they gave before,
Each less *delighting*, less was lov'd,
Now this, now that was disapprov'd ;
Some trifling Fault, which *Love* conceal'd,
Indiff'rence every Day reveal'd.
Complacence flies, *Neglect* succeeds ;
Neglect, *Disdain* and *Hatred* breeds.
The Wish to *please* forsakes the Breast,
The Wish to *rule* has each possess'd.
Perpetual War, that Wish to gain,
They wage alas ! but wage in vain.
Now hope of Conquest swells the Heart
No more—at length content to part ;

The

The rural Seat, that Sylvan Shade,
 Where first the nuptial Vows were paid;
 That Seat attests the dire Intent,
 And hears the parting Settlement.
 This House, these Fields, my Lady's own,
 Sir *John* must ride to Town alone.
 The Chariot waits—they bid adieu;
 But still the Chariot waits in View.
Tom tires with waiting long in Doubt,
 And lights a Pipe---and smokes it out---
 Mysterious! wherefore this Delay?
 The Sequel shall the Cause display.
 One lovely Girl the Lady bore,
 Dear Pledge of Joys, she tastes no more;
 The Father's, Mother's Darling she,
 Lean'd, lisp'd and prattled at their Knee.
 Sir *John* now rising to depart,
 Turn'd to the Darling of his Heart,
 And cry'd, with Ardour in his Eye,
 "Come, *Betsy*, bid Mamma Good-bye."
 The Lady trembling, answer'd, No---
 "Go kiss Papa, my *Betsy* go!"
 "Sir *John*, the Child shall live with me."
 "The Child herself shall chuse, said he."
 Poor *Betsy* look'd at each by Turns;
 And each the starting Tear discerns.
 My Lady asks, with Doubt and Fear,
 "Will you not live with me, my Dear?"
 Yes, half resolv'd, reply'd the Child,
 And, half suppress'd her Tears, she smil'd.
 "Come, *Betsy*, cry'd Sir *John*, you'll go,
 "And live with dear Papa I know."

44 The TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT.

Yes, Betsey cry'd--the Lady then
Address'd the wand'ring Child again.
The Time to live with both is o'er,
This Day we part to meet no more ;
Chuse then--her Grief o'erflow'd her Breast,
And Tears burst out too long suppress.
The Child, whose Tears and Chiding join'd,
Suppos'd Papa displeas'd, unkind ;
And try'd with all her little Skill,
To sooth his soft relenting Will.
Do, cry'd the Lisper, Papa, do,
Love dear Mamma--Mamma loves you.
Subdu'd, the Force of manly Pride,
No more his Looks his Heart bely'd,
The tender Transport forc'd its Way,
They both confess'd each other's Sway ;
And, prompted by the social Smart,
Breast rush'd to Breast, and Heart to Heart,
Each kiss'd their Betsey o'er and o'er,
And Tom drove empty from the Door.

Dick Curtis, a smart young fellow, who
was next in Turn, started up and cried La-
dies and Gentlemen, an Anecdote if you
please, and then read from the Spectator
what follows.

ON CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

I was, about two Nights ago, in Com-
pany with very agreeable young People of
both Sexes, where talking of some of your Pa-
pers



Conjugal Affection rewarded.



pers which are written upon conjugal Love, there arose a Dispute among us, whether there were not more bad Husbands in the World than bad Wives. A Gentleman, who was Advocate for the Ladies, took this Occasion to tell us the Story of a famous Siege in *Germany*, which I have since found related in my historical Dictionary, after the following Manner: When the Emperor *Conrade* the Third had besieged *Guelphus*, Duke of *Bavaria*, in the City of *Hensberg*, the Women finding that the Town could not possibly hold out long, petitioned the Emperor that they might depart out of it, with so much as each of them could carry. The Emperor knowing they could not convey away many of their Effects, granted them their Petition; when the Women, to his great Surprise, came out of the Place with every one her Husband upon her Back. The Emperor was so moved at the Sight, that he burst into Tears, and after having very much extolled the Women for their conjugal Affection, gave the Men to their Wives, and received the Duke into his Favour.

Miss *Williams* then got up, and remarked upon the foregoing Story, that the Men were under great Obligations to their Wives,

46 The TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT :

and she hoped had proved themselves grateful; but, says she; there are some Men so perverse, wicked, and insensible of Benefits received, that all good and generous Actions are lost upon them. I shall never forget (continued she) the Story of *Inkle* and *Yarico*; which I read in the *Spectator*; and must beg Leave to give it you, as it has been verified by a Lady.

The Story of INKLE and YARICO.

Ye Virgin Train, an artless Dame inspire,
Unlearnt in Schools, unblest with natal Fire,
To save this Story from devouring Fate,
And the dire Arts of faithless Men relate.
A Youth I sing, in Face and Form divine,
In whom both Art and Nature did combine;
With heavenly Skill to mingle every Charm,
As Gods of old did fair *Pandora* form.
Stranger to Virtue, this Deceiver held
The Box of Mischiefs in his Breast conceal'd;
His outward Form each Female Heart inflam'd;
His inward Beauty lurking Avarice stain'd;
Insatiate Love of Gold, and Hope of Gain,
Encourag'd him to cut the yielding Main.
By Winds or Waves; or the Decree of Heav'n;
His Bark upon a barb'rous Coast was driv'n;
Possess'd by Men who thirst for human Blood,
Who live in Caves, or Thickets of the Wood;
Untaught to plant (yet Corn and Fruits abound,
And fragrant Flowers enamel all the Ground;)
Distress'd

Distress'd he landed on the fatal Shore,
With some Companions which were soon no
more :

The savage Race their trembling Flesh devour,
Off'ring Oblations to th' infernal Pow'r.
Dreadful suppliant human Limbs they tore,
Accurs'd Rites! And quaff'd their streaming
Gore.

Immortal *Jove* stoop'd from his azure Sky;
Grieving a Form so like his own should die,
On the fair Youth mercurial Speed bestow'd,
Swifter than Thought he reach'd the mossy
Wood ;

Beneath a nightly Shade he panting lies,
Screen'd by all pitying *Jove* from hostile Eyes ;
Yet gloomy Sorrows and unmanly Fears
Swell'd his sad Breast, which he bedew'd with
Tears ;

When low a Negro Virgin chanc'd to rove
Thro' the thick Mazes of the nodding Grove,
Whose glitt'ring Shells and elegant Undress,
With various Plumes a noble Birth confess ;
With reverential Fear the well-shap'd Maid
Thought him a God, and low Obeisance paid ;
His Face like polish'd Marble did appear,
His silken Robe, and flowing flaxen Hair
Amaz'd the Nymph ; nor less her sparkling
Eyes,

And naked Beauty, did the Youth surprize.
Low at her Feet, in suppliant Posture laid,
With speaking Eyes, he thus address'd the
Maid ;

O let soft Pity touch that lovely Breast !
 Succour a Man, by various Ills oppress'd ;
 Such finish'd Grace does thro' your Person shine ;
 Sure 'tis enliven'd by a Soul divine.

The tender Negro look'd a kind Reply,
 Thro' Pearls of Pity, dropping from her Eye ;
 With Hands uplifted, did the Gods implore.
 That her relentless Countrymen no more
 Might stain their native Land with human

Gore

He seiz'd her Hand, with tender Passion press'd,
 While copious Tears both Love and Fear confess'd :

The pitying Maid view'd him with yielding
 Eyes,

And from each Bosom mutual Sighs arise :

His safety now becomes her only Care,

A secret Cave she found, and hid him there ;

Adorn'd it with the Spoils of Leopards slain,

Which other Lovers ventur'd Life to gain.

Through mazy Thickets and a pathless Wood,

She press'd advent'rous with delicious Food.

Daily her Hand a rich Repast did bring

Of ripen'd Fruits, and Waters from the Spring ;

But when declining t'ward the Close of Day,

The crimson Sun sets weary in the Sea,

Strait to a shady Grove where Fountains rise,

From Woods defended and inclement Skies ;

Where the wing'd Warblers of the Air conspire,

From various Boughs to form an heav'nly Choir,

Adorn'd with fragrant Flowers and Evergreen,

She leads the Youth (delightful *Sylvan* Scene)

Where

Where he in peaceful Slumbers takes his Rest,
 Forgets his Fears, and calms his tim'rous Breast,
 In soft Repose the beauteous Lover lies,
 While *Yarico* with Care unseals her Eyes:
 With anxious Fear the matchless Maid attends,
 Careful to save him from her barb'rous Friends.
 The flowing Curls, which o'er his Shoulders
 play'd.

With artless Beauty pleas'd the Negro Maid;
 She thought her Fingers when entangled there,
 Like Clouds encircling *Berenice's* Hair:
 The graceful Youth, confessing equal Fire,
 Did her just Symmetry of Shape admire;
 Oft would he say, oh *Yarico* with thee,
 My only Bliss, could I my Country see!
 If ever I forget my Vows of Love,
 Unbles'd, abandon'd, may I friendless rove;
 To thee alone I owe the vital Air,
 My Love and Gratitude for ever share;
 I'll Gems provide, and Silks of curious Art,
 With Gifts expressive of my grateful Heart;
 Thou in a House by Horses drawn shall ride.
 With me, thy faithful Lover, by thy Side:
 The female Train shall round with Envy gaze,
 Wonder, and silent Sigh unwilling Praise.
 Pleas'd with his Words, desiring more to please,
 She from a craggy Clift survey'd the Seas;
 A Bark she spy'd, and did by Signs implore,
 That they would touch upon the sandy Shore.
 With Joy she ran—my Love make haste away,
 A Vessel waits us on the foaming Sea.
 Soon he the Vessel's lofty Side ascends,
 And finds them to be Countrymen and Friends;
 With

With lovely *Yarico* puts off to Sea.
 With equal Joy they plough the wat'ry Way;
 When the fair Youth, despairing, calls to Mind
 All Hopes eluded of his Wealth design'd;
 Riches the Seat of his Affection seize;
 And youthful *Yarico* no more can please.
 Unhappy Maid! to waisting Scrrows born,
 And fated Evils undeserv'd to mourn.
 This Youth was born too near the Northern Pole;
 Which chill'd each Virtue in a frozen Soul;
 But near the Sun the Nymph her Birth confess'd,
 Where every Virtue glow'd within her Breast.
 Thus Ore lies in the Earth, unfinish'd, cold,
 But purg'd by Fire; it brightens into Gold.
 Propitious Zephyrs fill their swelling Sails,
 They make *Barbadoes*, blest with prosperous
 Gales;

The Planters thick'ning on the Key appear,
 To purchase Negro Slaves; if any there;
 When the false Youth by curs'd Avarice sway'd,
 Horrid to mention! sells his faithful Maid.
 Amaz'd and trembling, silently she mourn'd,
 While speaking Tears her radiant Eyes adorn'd.
 Low at his Feet, the lovely Mourner lay,
 Nor would to Words her swelling Heart give
 Way.

She grasps his Knees, in vain attempts to speak;
 At length her Words in moving Accents break:
 O much lov'd Youth in tender Pity spare
 A helpless Maid, my long try'd Faith revere.
 From you this worst of human Ills to prove,
 Must break a Heart that overflows with Love.

Break

Or, the GRAND EXHIBITION. 51

Break not my Heart, nor drive me to Despair,
Left you deface your lovely Image there.
Ah! do not with consummate Woe undo
A Soul that Father, Mother, Country left for
you :

How sadly must my tender Parents mourn,
By me forsaken, never to return?
Transferr'd from them, to you my Love I gave;
Unjust Return to sell me for a Slave!
O call to mind the sacred Oaths you've given,
Remember there are Thunder-bolts in Heaven!
But if the swelling Sorrows in my Breast,
Your Heart of Adamant can still resist,
Yet let the Infant in my Womb I bear,
The Blessing taste of your paternal Care.
He thrust her from him with remorseless Hand;
For her Condition rais'd his first Demand;
Pleas'd with Success he chearfully returns,
While helpless *Yarico* in Bondage mourns,
And all his Friends the prudent Youth admire,
That could, so young, a sordid Soul acquire.

Good and bad of both Sorts, says *Tom Jones*, starting up, and was about to read a Story that bore hard on the Ladies; but *Sam Salisbury* interfered, and said he should not read it; for that in Compliment to the Ladies, they ought to let them take the Lead in Virtue, and be esteemed the most worthy, if they were so inclined, and would support the Character; but I am afraid there

is room enough for us all to mend, says he, and the sooner, and the more earnestly we set about it, the better. *Tom Jones* bowed, as a Sign of Submission; and as the Story he attempted to read was not approved of, he took Care to chuse a Lesson, that would be agreeable to all the Company, which was an Eastern Tale, from Mr. *Johnson's Rambler*.

The PROGRESS OF LIFE. *An* EASTERN
STORY.

OBIDAH, the Son of *Abensina*, left the Caravansara early in the Morning, and pursued his Journey thro' the Plains of *Indostan*. He was fresh and vigorous with Rest; he was animated with Hope; he was incited by Desire; he walked swiftly forward over the Vallies, and saw the Hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his Ears were delighted with the Morning Song of the Bird of Paradise, he was fanned by the last Flutters of the sinking Breeze, and sprinkled with Dew by Groves of Spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering Height of the Oak, Monarch of the Hills; and sometimes caught the gentle Fragrance of the Primrose, eldest Daughter

Daughter of the Spring: All his Senses were gratified, and all Care was banished from his Heart:

Thus he went on 'till the Sun approached his Meridian, and the increasing Heat preyed upon his Strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious Path. He saw on his right Hand a Grove, that seemed to wave his Shades, as a Sign of Invitation; he entered it, and found the Coolness and Verdure irresistably pleasant. He did not however forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow Way bordered with Flowers, which appeared to have the same Direction with the main Road, and he was pleased, that by this happy Experiment, he had found Means to unite Pleasure with his Business, and to gain the Rewards of Diligence, without suffering its Fatigue. He therefore still continued to walk for a Time, without the least Remission of his Ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the Music of the Birds, whom the Heat had assembled in the Shade; and sometimes amused himself, with plucking the Flowers that grew on either Side, or the Fruits that hung upon the Branches. At last the green Path began to decline from its first Direction, and to wind among Hills and

and Thickets, cooled with Fountains, and murmuring with Water-falls.

Here *Obidah* paused for a Time, and began to consider, whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and open Road; but remembering that the Heat was now in its greatest Violence, and that the Plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new Path, which he supposed only to make a few Meanders, in Compliance with the Varieties of the Ground, and end at last in the common Road.

Having thus calmed his Solitude, he renewed his Pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining Ground. This Uneasiness in his Mind inclined him to lay Hold on every new Object, and give Way to every Sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every Echo, he mounted every Hill for a fresh Prospect; he turned aside to every Cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the Course of a gentle River that rolled among the Trees, and watered a large Region with innumerable Circumvolutions. In these Amusements the Hours passed away uncounted, his Deviations had perplexed his Memory, and he knew not towards what Point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward
left

lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the Time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with Uncertainty, the Sky was overspread with Clouds, the Day vanished from before him, and a sudden Tempest gathered round his Head. He was now roused by his Danger to a quick and painful Remembrance of his Folly; he now saw how Happiness is lost when Ease is consulted, and lamented the unmanly Impatience, that prompted him to seek Shelter in the Grove, and despised the petty Curiosity that led him on from Trifle to Trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the Air grew blacker, and a Clap of Thunder broke his Meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his Power to tread back the Ground, which he had passed, and to try to find some Issue where the Wood might open into the Plain. He prostrated himself on the Ground, and commended his Life to the Lord of Nature. He rose with Confidence and Tranquility, and pressed on, with his Sabre in his Hand, for the Beasts of the Desert were in Motion, and on every Side were heard the mingling Howls of Rage and Fear, and Ravage, and Expiration; all the Horrors of Darkness and Solitude surrounded him; the

Winds roared in the Woods, and the Torrents tumbled from the Hills.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the Wild, without knowing whether he was going, or whether he was every Moment drawing nearer to Safety or to Destruction. At length, not Fear but Labour began to overcome him; his Breath grew short, and his Knees trembled, and he was on the Point of lying down in Resignation to his Fate, when he beheld through the Brambles the Glimmering of a Taper. He advanced towards the Light, and finding that it proceeded from the Cottage of a Hermit, he called humbly at the Door, and obtained Admission. The old Man set before him such Provisions as he had collected for himself, on which *Obidah* fed with Eagerness and Gratitude.

When the Repast was over, "Tell me," said the Hermit, by what Chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty Years an Inhabitant of the Wilderness, in which I never saw a Man before." *Obidah* then related the Occurrences of his Journey, without any Concealment or Palliation.

"Son, said the Hermit, let the Errors and Follies, the Dangers and Escape of
" this

“ this Day, sink deep into thine Heart.
 “ Remember, my Son, that human Life is
 “ the Journey of a Day. We rise in the
 “ Morning of Youth, full of Vigour, and
 “ full of Expectation; we set forward with
 “ Spirit and Hope, with Gaiety and with
 “ Diligence, and travel on a-while in the
 “ straight Road of Piety towards the Man-
 “ sion of Rest. In a short Time we remit
 “ our Fervour, and endeavour to find some
 “ Mitigation of our Duty, and some more
 “ easy Means of obtaining the same End.
 “ We then relax our Vigour, and resolve
 “ no longer to be terrified with Crimes at a
 “ Distance, but rely upon our own Con-
 “ stancy, and venture to approach what we
 “ resolve never to touch. We thus enter
 “ the Bower of Ease, and repose in the
 “ Shades of Security. Here the Heart sof-
 “ tens, and Vigilance subsides; we are then
 “ willing to enquire whether another Ad-
 “ vance cannot be made, and whether we
 “ may not, at least, turn our Eyes upon the
 “ Gardens of Pleasure: We approach them
 “ with Scruple and Hesitation; we enter
 “ them, but enter timorous and trembling,
 “ and always hope to pass through them
 “ without losing the Road of Virtue, which
 “ we for a-while keep in our Sight, and to

“ which we propose to return. But Temptation succeeds Temptation, and one Compliance prepares us for another; we in Time lose the Happiness of Innocence, and solace our Disquiet with sensual Gratifications. By Degrees we let fall the Remembrance of our original Intention, and quit the only adequate Object of rational Desire. We entangle ourselves in Business, immerge ourselves in Luxury, and rove through the Labyrinths of Inconstancy, ’till the Darknes of old Age begins to invade us, and Disease and Anxiety obstruct our Way. We then look back upon our Lives with Horror, with Sorrow, with Repentance, and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the Ways of Virtue. Happy are they, my Son, who shall learn from thy Example not to despair, but shall remember, that though the Day is past, and their Strength is wasted, there yet remains one Effort to be made, that Reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere Endeavours ever unassisted, but the Wanderer may at length return after all his Errors; and he who implores Strength and Courage from above, shall find Danger and Difficulty give Way before him. Go
“ now;

“ now, my Son, to thy Repose, commit
 “ thyself to the Care of Omnipotence, and
 “ when the Morning calls again to Toil,
 “ begin anew thy Journey and thy Life.”

Miss *Jewson* was the next; a young Lady
 of great Industry, Economy, and fond of
 Peace and a Country Life; her Taste for
 which she discovered, by reading to us

The HISTORY of MELESICHTON.

MELESICHTON was a Native of *Megaris*,
 and a Gentleman of an illustrious Family in
Greece. When young, the heroic Actions
 of his Ancestors took up all his Thoughts;
 and he gave early Demonstrations of his
 Courage and Conduct, in several bold and
 hazardous Engagements; but as he was too
 fond of Grandeur, his high and expensive
 Way of living soon plunged him into a Sea
 of Troubles. He was obliged to fly with
 his Wife *Proxionè* to a Country-seat on the
 Sea Shore, where they lived together in a
 profound Solicitude. *Proxionè* was a Lady
 highly esteemed for her Wit, Courage, and
 stately Deportment: Many, who were in
 much better Circumstances than *Melesichton*,
 had made their Addresses to her on Account
 of her Birth and Beauty; but true Merit

alone rendered him the Object of her Choice. Though their Virtue and Friendship was inviolable ; though *Hymen* for many Years had never yoked a happier Pair ; yet their mutual Fondness and Indulgence proved now but an Aggravation of their Sorrows. *Melesichon* could have borne with less Impatience the severest Frowns of Fortune had he suffered alone, without so tender a Partner as his *Proxionē*. And *Proxionē* with Concern observed, that her Presence augmented the Pains of her *Melesichon*. Their sole Comfort now arose from the Reflection that Heaven had blessed them with two Children, beauteous as the Graces : The Son's Name was *Melibæus*, and the Daughter's *Pæmenis*. *Melibæus*, though young, was very active, strong, and courageous ; in every Gentleman-like Exercise he excelled all the neighbouring Youth. He ranged around the Forests, and his Arrows were as fatal and unerring as those of *Apollo* : However, the Arts, and Sciences (those noble Rays of the Deity) were more the Objects of his Contemplation, than his Bow was his Diversion. *Melesichon*, in his Retirement, laid before him all the Advantages of a liberal Education, and imprinted on his Mind sometimes, the Love of Virtue and good Manners.

ners. *Melibæus*, in his Air and Mein, was unaffected, soft and engaging; yet his Aspect was noble, bold, and commanded Respect. His Father cast his longing Eyes upon him, and wept over him with a paternal Fondness.

Pæmenis was by the Mother instructed with equal Care, in all the various Arts with which the Goddess *Minerva* had obliged Mankind; and to those curious Accomplishments were added the Charms of Music. *Orpheus* never sung, or touched his Lyre more softly than *Pæmenis*. At first Sight she appeared like the young Goddess *Diana*, just risen from her native floating Island. Her Silver Tresses were tied with a careless Air behind: Whilst some few Hairs, unconfined, played about her Ivory Neck, at the Breath of every gentle *Zephyr*. Her Dress was a thin loose Gown, tucked up with a Girdle, that she might move with greater Freedom. Without the Advantage of Dress, no Nymph was ever so beautiful, so free from Pride, so little conscious of her own Charms. She was never so vain or curious, as to examine her Features in every transparent Stream. The Conduct and Economy of the Family was her whole Employment. But *Melesichton*, whose Thoughts were ever dark,

dark and gloomy, whose Hopes of a Return from his State of Banishment were now all lost, sought every Opportunity to be alone. The Sight of *Proxionè* and his Children now aggravated his Sorrows; he would often steal out to the Sea Shore, at the Foot of a large Rock, full of tremendous Caverns, and there a-while bemoan his wayward Fate; from thence repair to a thick, shady Vale, where even a Mid-day Sun-Beams never entered: There would he sit on the Margin of a purling Stream, and ruminate on all his Ills. Soft downy Sleep never closed his weary Eyelids; his Words all terminated in Sighs; old Age, before his Time, had furrowed all his Face: In short, he grew negligent of Life, and sunk under the Weight of his Misfortunes.

One Day, as he was reclined on a Bank in his favourite solitary Vale, tired and fatigued with Thought, he fell asleep; and in a Dream he saw the Goddess *Ceres*, crowned with golden Sheaves, who approached him with an Air of Majesty and Sweetness. Why, *Melesichton*, said she, art thou thus inconsolable? Alas! replied he, I am abandoned by my Friends; my Estate is all lost; Law suits and my Creditors for ever perplex me; Thoughts of my Birth, and the Figure

gure I have made in the World, are all Aggravations of my Misery: And to tug at the Oar, like a Gally-slave, for a bare Subsistence, is an Act too mean, and what my Spirit never can comply with.

Does then Nobility, replied the Goddess, consist in the Affluence of Fortune? No, *Melesichon*; but in the heroic Imitation of thy virtuous Ancestors, the just Man only is truly noble: Nature is sufficed with little: Enjoy that Little with the Sweat of thy Brow: Live free from Dependance, and no Man will be nobler than thyself. Luxury and false Ambition are the Ruin of Mankind. If thou wantest the Conveniences of Life, who should better supply thee than thyself? Art thou terrified at the Thoughts of attaining them by the severest Industry and Application?

She said; and immediately presented him with a golden Plow-share, and a Horn of Plenty. *Lacchus* next appeared, crowned with Ivy, grasping his *Thyrsis* in his Hand, attended by *Pan*, playing on his rural Pipe, while the *Fauns* and *Satyrs* danced to the melodious Music. *Pomona* next advanced, laden with Fruits, and *Flora* dressed in all her gayest, sweetest Flowers: In short, all the

the *rural Deities* cast a favourable Eye on *Melesichon*.

He waked, fully convinced of the Application and moral Use he ought to make of this celestial Dream. A Dawn of Comfort all on a sudden shot through his Soul, and he found new Inclinations rise to the Labours of the Plain. He communicated his Dream with Pleasure to the fair *Proxionē*, who rejoiced with him and approved of his Interpretation. The next Day they lessened their Retinue ; the Valet and waiting-woman were immediately discharged, and all their Equipage and Grandeur at once resigned. *Proxionē*, with *Pæmenis*, spun whilst they tended their Sheep ; and at convenient Hours weaved their own Cloth and Stuffs, and cut out and contrived every Thing to the best Advantage for themselves and the rest of their Family. All their fine Needle-works (in which *Minerva* herself could never be more curious) were now no more regarded, and the glaring Tent was resigned for the more advantageous Dis-taff. Their daily Provisions were the Products of their own Ground, and dressed with their own Hands. They milked their own Kine, which now began to supply them with Plenty. They purchased nothing with-
out

out Doors. Every Thing was got ready with Decency and without Hurry. Their Food was substantial, plain and natural, and enjoyed with a true Relish, which is inseparable from Temperance and hard Labour.

In this rural Manner they lived, and every Thing was neat and decent about them. All the costly Tapestry was disposed of; yet the Walls were perfectly white, and no Part of the House either dirty or in Disorder; none of their Goods were in the least soiled. The Beds, though not of Down, were clean and proper for Repose. The very Furniture of the Kitchen (which you shall seldom find in great Families) was as bright as Silver; nothing stood out of its proper Place at Times of public Entertainments. *Proxione* made the best of Pastry. She kept Bees, whose Honey was sweeter than that which trickled from the Trunks of Oaks that grew in the golden Age. Her Cows made willing Presents of large flowing Bowls of Milk. Her Garden was plentifully stored with Variety of Plants, for Service and Delight, in their proper Seasons; and by her peculiar Industry and Skill, she was the first of all her Neighbours, that could produce them in Perfection: Her Collection of Flowers too
was

66 The TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT:

was very curious; Part of which she sold, after she had reserved a sufficient Quantity for the Ornament of her House. *Pæmenis* trod in the Steps of her industrious Mother; she was ever chearful at her Work, and sung as she went to pen her Sheep. No Neighbour's Flocks could rival her's; no contagious Distemper, no ravenous Wolves durst ever approach them; her tender Lambkins danced upon the Plains to her melodious Notes, whilst all the *Echoes* round about with Pleasure repeated the dying Sounds.

Melesichton tilled his own Ground, drove his own Plough, sowed his Seed, and reaped his Harvest with his own Hand. He is now fully convinced, that the Husbandman's Life is less laborious, far more innocent and advantageous, than the Soldier's. No sooner had he gathered and got in his Hay, but *Ceres*, with her yellow Fruits, invited him to the Field, and with large Interest repaid the Debt she owed him. Soon after *Bacchus* supplied him with Nectar, worth the Table of the Gods. *Minerva* too complimented him with the Fruits of her Favourite salutary Tree. Winter was the Season for Repose, when all the Family met together, they were innocently gay, and thankful to the Gods for all their harmless unambitious Pleasures;

tures; they eat no Flesh but at their Sacrifices; and their Cattle never died but on their Altars.

Melibæus was thoughtful and sedate beyond his Years. He took on himself the whole Care and Management of the larger Cattle; he hewed down large Oaks in the Forests; dug Aqueducts for the more commodious watering the Meadows; and with indefatigable Industry would ease his Father. His Diversions at proper Seasons were Hunting and Coursing with the young Gentlemen his Neighbours; or improving himself in his Studies, of which *Melesichton* had laid a solid Foundation.

In a little Time, *Melesichton*, by a Life thus led in Simplicity and Innocence, was in better Circumstances than at first; his House was stored with all the Conveniences of Life; though there was nothing in it useless or superfluous. The Company he kept, for the most Part, was within the Compass of his own Family; they lived together in perfect Love and Harmony, and contributed to each other's Happiness; they lived far from Court, where Pleasures bear so high a Price: Their Enjoyments were sweet, innocent, easy to be attained, and attended with no Danger in the Pursuit.

Melebeus and *Pamenis* were thus brought up and inured to rural Labours; thus their former Characters served only to inspire them with greater Courage, and make them easy under the Frowns of Fortune. The Increase of their Stock introduced no new and luxurious Course of Life. Their Diet was still as frugal as before, and their Industry continued with equal Vigour. *Melesichton's* Friends now pressed him (since Fortune once again had proved propitious) to resume his former Post, and shine again in the busy World. To whom he replied, "Shall I again give Way to Pride and Extravagance, that were the fatal Cause of all my Misfortunes; or spend my future Days in rural Labours, which have not only made me rich again, but, what is more, completely happy."

To conclude; one Day he took a Tour to his old solitary Shade, where *Ceres* had thus kindly directed his Conduct in a Dream, and reposed himself on the verdant Grass, with as much Serenity of Mind, as before with Confusion and Despair. There he slept again; again the Goddess *Ceres* in the like friendly Manner approached, and thus addressed him: "True Nobility, *Melesichton*, consists in receiving no Favours from any
" one,

“ one, and bestowing them with a liberal
 “ Hand on all. Have your Dependance on
 “ nothing but the fruitful Bosom of the
 “ Earth, and the Works of your own
 “ Hands. Never resign that for Luxury
 “ and empty Show, which is the natural
 “ and inexhaustible Fountain of true Hap-
 “ piness.”

While Miss *Fewson* was reading the last Story, Mrs. *Vainlove* whispered the young Lady who was next in Turn, and desired her to read the following Tale from a Manuscript; which she, being a sprightly Lass, and fond of a Laugh, had no Aversion to; but it had like to have sowed some Dissension in the Society, as will appear hereafter.

PATIENT GRIZEL; or, the HUMOURIST
 RECLAIMED.

There lived in *London* some Years ago, so peevish and morose a Fellow, that his Wife, though the most indulgent, dove-like Creature in the World, could never please him. He made it his constant Practice to contradict every Thing she said, and to be out of Humour at every Thing she did. If she brought him white Bread to Table, he would have brown; if she cut

G 2

Crust,

Crust, he would have Crumb: In short, there was no such Thing as pleasing him, and her Life was one continued Scene of Noise and Anxiety.

One Day, after Dinner, he went to Market, bought a Brace of Pike; and coming Home, delivered them to the Maid, with Orders that they should be dressed for Supper, and away he marched. The Cook carried them directly to her Mistress. The good Woman asks her, what Sauce her Husband had directed? Sauce, Madam, replies the Girl! he never said a Word about Sauce to me, but ordered them to be got ready by Seven o'Clock, and then went out that Moment. Bless me! Girl, says the Mistress, how could you be so careless as not to ask him; we shall be undone. If we wait 'till he comes home again for fresh Orders, the Kitchen will be too hot to hold us; and if I should venture to boil them, he will have them roasted: Should I roast them, he will have them stewed; should I stew them, he will have them fryed; should I broil them, he will have them fricasseed: In short, should I dress them any Way whatever, I shall have Words enough, and perhaps the Marks of his conjugal Affection to shew for two Months afterwards.

Well,

Well, Madam, says the Maid, make the best of a bad Market, and take my foolish Advice for once. The Pike are fine Pike; cut them into large Pieces, and dress some one Way, and some another.

This Expedient was approved of. The Jack, the Stew-pan, the Kettle, and Grid-iron, are all got in Readiness. The Pike are carbonaded according to the Scheme proposed, and proper Sauce is made for each respective Mode of Dressing.

At this Instant the Painter came in with the Picture of her Husband's Head, which he had been employed to alter. She taking it from him, called to the Maid, Here, *Sarah*, says she, put this Head by, and do not let your Master see it 'till after Supper: for, if it should not be right, he will not eat a Morsel of Fish.

Scarce were all Things well adjusted, but in comes Monsieur Morose. Well! Wife, cries he surly enough, Is Supper ready?—All ready, my Dear, said she, in the most obliging Manner, and with all the Chearfulness imaginable. What have you got, said he; the Fish, my Love, which you brought home this Afternoon, said she. Well! and how have you dressed them pray, hey! says he? To please you, I hope, said she; I have boiled

boiled them, my Dear. Then eat them yourself, quoth the Brute, I will have none of your boiled Fish, not I. How then would you have them done, Deary? quoth the Wife. Fryed, said he. Away she flies, and brings him in a Moment a Plate of fryed Fish. He picks a Mouthful or two, and begins to open: take your fryed Fish yourself, I will have some stewed. There then, said she, bringing him another Plate, there is some stewed for you, my Dear. I will have none stewed, now I think on it, let your Maid eat them: I will have some roasted. Then have them roasted if you please, Child, said she, there they are for you. This will not do; I must have them broiled. Once more I am prepared for you, Honey, says she, and there they are broiled.

Our Humourist finding she was so obsequious, and that there was no just Room for Complaint, grew outrageous, and threw the Plates about the House. He would have none of her broiled Dabs, not he. In the Name of Goodness what wouldst thou have, my Dear, said the Wife? Not knowing what else to say, a Fool's Head, answered he; upon which she ran for his own Head which the Painter had brought home, and throwing it down on the Table, why there it

it is, my Dear, says she, if you will have it. There was something in this so droll and pat to the Purpose, that the morose Husband, nettled as he was, could not forbear laughing; and taking the whole Matter into Consideration, he acknowledged that his Wife had always endeavoured to please him, and therefore he determined to alter his Conduct for the future. In short, her Good-nature and affable Deportment made such an Impression on him, that for ever after he behaved with Prudence and Discretion, and treated her, beyond her Expectation, with Decency and good Manners.

Mrs *Vainlove* looked at all the Company, coloured up, and so eyed his Wife, that it was easy to perceive the Cap fitted him; which, had he been a wise Man, he would not have thus acknowledged.—When he found himself discovered he was intent on Mischief, and going up to *Dick Sprightly*, who was to exhibit next, he whispered him to read the Story which *Tom Jones* had suppressed. *Dick*, who was an arch Cur, laughed, and pulling a Manuscript out of his Pocket, thus began.

74 The TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT :

MADAM *and the* MAGPYE. A FABLE.

Ye Thunders roll, ye Oceans roar,
And wake the rough resounding Shore;
Ye Guns in Smoke and Flames engage,
And shake the Ramparts with your Rage;
Boreas, distend your Chops and blow;
Ring, ring, ye bonny Bells of *Boz*;
Ye Drums and Rattles rend the Ears,
Like twenty thousand *Southwark* Fairs;
Bellow ye Bulls, and bawl ye Brats,
Encore, encore, ye amorous Cats:
In vain, poor Things, ye squeak and squall,
Soft *Sylvia* shall out-tongue you all.
But here she comes—there's no Relief;
She comes, and blessed are the Deaf.

“ A Magpye!—why you're mad, my Dear,
“ To bring a chattering Magpye here;
“ A prating Play-thing fit for Boys,
“ You know I can't endure a Noise!
“ You brought this precious Present sure,
“ My Head-ach and my Cough to cure.
“ Pray hand him in, and let him stain
“ Each Curtain, and each Counterpane:
“ Yes, he shall roost upon my Toilet,
“ Or on my Pillow; he can't spoil it.
“ He'll only make me catch my Death,
“ —O Heav'ns! for a little Breath.—
“ Thank God, I never knew Resentment,
“ But am all Patience and Contentment;
“ Or else, you paltry Knave, I shou'd.
“ (As an other Woman wou'd)
“ Wring off its Neck, and down your Gullet
“ Cram it by Way of Chick or Pullet.—

“ Well,

" Well, I must look up all my Rings,
 " My Jewels and my curious Things;
 " My *Chinese* Toys must go to Pot:
 " My *Deards*, my *Pinchbacks*- and what not?
 " For all your Magpyes are, like Lawyers,
 " At once both Brawlers, and Destroyers.—
 " You for a Wife have search'd the Globe,
 " You have got a very Female *Job*,
 " Pattern of Love, and Peace, and Unity,
 " Or how could you expect Impunity?
 " O Lord! this nasty Thing will bite,
 " And scratch, and clapper-claw, and fight;
 " O! monstrous Wretch, thus to devise,
 " To tear out your poor *Sylvia's* Eyes.
 " You're a fine Popish Plot pursuing,
 " By Presents to effect my Ruin;
 " And thus, for Good, are ill retorting
 " To ME, who brought you such a Fortune!
 " To ME, you-low-liv'd Clown, to ME,
 " Who came of such a Family!
 " ME, who've from Age to Age possess'd,
 " A *Lion Rampant* for my Crest;
 " ME, who have filled your empty *Coffers*,
 " ME, who'd so many better Offers;
 " And is my Merit thus regarded,
 " Cuckold? my Virtue thus rewarded?
 " O! 'tis past Sufferance—*Mary, Mary*,
 " I faint—the Citron, or the Clary.
 The poor Man who had bought the Creature
 Out of pure conjugal Good-nature,
 Stood at this violent Attack,
 Like Statues made by *Roubilliac*;

76 The TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT :

Tho' form'd beyond all Skill antique,
They can't their marble Silence break;
They only breathe, and think,—and start,
Astonish'd at their Maker's Art.

“ Quoth *Mag* : Fair *Grizle* I must grant,
“ Your Spouse a Magpye cannot want :
“ For troth (to give the Dev'l his Due)
“ He keeps a Rookery in you.
“ Don't fear I'll tarry long, sweet Lady,
“ Where there is Din enough already ;
“ We never shou'd agree together,
“ Altho' we're so much of a Feather.
“ You're fond of Peace, no Man can doubt it,
“ Who make such wond'rous Noise about it ;
“ And your Tongue of immortal Mould,
“ Proclaims in Thunders you're no Scold.
“ Yes, yes, you're Sov'reign of the Tongue,
“ And like the King, can do no Wrong.
“ Justly your Spouse restrains his Voice,
“ Nor vainly answers Words with Noise.
“ This Storm which no one can endure,
“ Requires a very different Cure ;
“ For such sour, verjuice Dispositions,
“ Your Crabsticks are the best Phylicians.”

All the Ladies, except Mrs. *Vainlove*,
looked as if they would not understand it ;
but she was disconcerted, and so nestled
about, that you might see she was hurt ;
upon which *Frank Rossy*, who was next to
exhibit, told the Company he was sorry to
find that any Gentlemen and Ladies should

carry

Or, the GRAND EXHIBITION. 77

carry such odd Humours abroad with them, and endeavour to disturb that Society, which was instituted not to gratify Petulance, but for nobler Purposes.—I wish, says he, the reasoning Race would but imitate the Brute Creation in Tenderness and Affection for each other; for it would redound both to their Honour and their Happiness.—He then turned to his Book, and read this

ELEGY on a BLACK-BIRD.

The Sun had chac'd the Winter's Snow,
And kindly loos'd the Frost-bound Soil;
The melting Streams began to flow,
And Plowmen urg'd their annual Toil.
'Twas then amid the vernal Throng,
Whom Nature wakes to Mirth and Love,
A Black-Bird rais'd his amorous Song,
And thus it echo'd through the Grove:
" O! fairest of the Feather'd Train,
" For whom I sing, for whom I burn;
" Attend with Pity to my Strain,
" And grant my Love a kind Return.
" See, see, the Winter's Storms are flown,
" And Zephyrs gently fan the Air!
" Let us the genial Influence own;
" Let us the vernal Pastime share.
" The Raven plumes his jetty Wing,
" To please his croaking Paramour;
" The Lark's responsive Love-tales sing,
" And tell their Passion as they soar.

" But

" But trust me, Love, the Raven's Wing
 " Is not to be compar'd with mine ;
 " Nor can the Lark so sweetly sing
 " As I, who Strength with Sweetness join,
 " With thee I'll prove the Sweets of Love,
 " With thee divide the Cares of Life ;
 " No fonder Husband in the Grove,
 " Nor none than thee a happier Wife.
 " I'll lead thee to the clearest Rill,
 " Whose Streams among the Pebbles stray ;
 " There will we sit, and sip our Fill,
 " Or on the flow'ring Border play.
 " I'll guide thee to the thickest Brake,
 " Impervious to the School-boy's Eye :
 " For thee, the plaister'd Nest I'll make,
 " And on thy downy Pinions lie.
 " To get thee Food I'll range the Fields,
 " And cull the best of ev'ry Kind ;
 " Whatever Nature's Bounty yields,
 " Or Love's assiduous Care can find.
 " And when my lovely Mate would stray
 " To taste the Summer's Sweets at large,
 " At Home I'll wait the live-long Day,
 " And 'tend at Home our infant Charge.
 " When prompted by a Mother's Care,
 " Thy Warmth shall form th'imprison'd Young,
 " With thee, the Task I'll fondly share,
 " Or cheer thy Labours with my Song."
 He ceas'd his Song. The melting Dame
 With tender Pity heard his Strain ;
 She felt, she own'd, a mutual Flame,
 And hasten'd to relieve his Pain.

He

He led her to the nuptial Bow'r,
And nestled closely to her Side,
The happiest Bridegroom in that Hour,
And she the most enamour'd Bride.

Next Morn he wak'd her with a Song.—

“ Arise ! behold the new-born Day !
“ The Lark his Mattin Peal has rung :
“ Arise my Love, and come away ! ”

Together through the Fields they stray'd,
And to the verdant Riv'let's Side,
Renew'd their Vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
With honest Joy, and decent Pride.

But O ! my Muse with Pain relates,
The mournful Sequel of my Tale :
Sent by an Order of the Fates,
A Gunner met them in the Vale,

Alarm'd the Lover cry'd, “ My dear,
“ Haste, haste away ; from Danger fly !
“ Here, Gunner, turn thy Vengeance here :
“ O ! spare my love and let *me* die.

At him the Gunner took his Aim ;
The Aim he took was much too true ;
O ! had he chose some other Game,
Or shot as he had us'd to do !
Divided Pair ! forgive the Wrong,
While I with Tears your Fate rehearse ;
I'll join the Widow's plaintive Song,
And save the Lover in my Verse.

As Miss *Penrose*, who was next in Turn,
observed that all the Ladies and Gentlemen,

H

except

He

80 THE TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT?

except Mr. and Mrs. *Vainlove*, sat very quietly, and did not offer to disturb the young People, she concluded their extraordinary Behaviour must arise from Pride and Ill-nature, and therefore she read the following Tale, apprehending it might be a proper Lesson to them, as well as to the young People.

The BASKET-MAKER.

*Wit makes the Man, and Want of it the Fellow,
The rest is all but Leather and Primello.* POPE.

In the Midst of that vast Ocean, commonly called the *South-Sea*, lie the Islands of *Solomon*. In the Centre of these, lies one not only distant from the rest, which are immensely scattered round it, but also large beyond Proportion. An Ancestor of the Prince, who now reigns absolutely in this central Island, has, through a long Descent of Ages, entailed the Name of *Solomon's Isles* on the Whole, by the Effect of that Wisdom wherewith he polished the Manners of his People.

A Descendent of one of the great Men of this happy Island, becoming a Gentleman, to so improved a Degree as to despise the good Qualities, which had originally ennobled his Family, thought of nothing, but
how

how to support and distinguish his Dignity, by the Pride of an ignorant Mind, and a Disposition abandoned to Pleasure. He had a House on the Sea Side, where he spent great Part of his Time in Hunting and Fishing; but found himself at a Loss in Pursuit of these important Diversions, by Means of a long Slip of Marsh Land, overgrown with high Reeds, that lay between his House and the Sea. Resolving, at length, that it became not a Man of his Quality to submit to Restraints in his Pleasures; for the Ease and Conveniency of an obstinate Mechanic; and having often endeavoured in vain, to buy out the owner, who was an honest poor Basket-maker, and whose Livelyhood depended on working up the Flags of those Reeds in a Manner peculiar to himself, the Gentleman took Advantage of a very high Wind, and commanded his Servants to burn down the Barrier.

The Basket-maker, who saw himself undone, complained of the Oppression in Terms more suited to his Sense of the Injury, than the Respect due to the Rank of the Offender: And the Reward this Imprudence procured him, was the additional Injustice of Blows and Reproaches, and all Kinds of Insult and Indignity.

There was but one Way to a Remedy, and he took it. For going to the Capital, with the Marks of his hard Usage upon him, he threw himself at the Feet of the King, and procured a Citation for his Oppressor's Appearance; who, confessing the Charge, proceeded to justify his Behaviour, by the poor Man's Unmindfulness of the Submission due from the Vulgar, to Gentlemen of Rank and Distinction.

But pray, replied the King, What Distinction of Rank had the Grandfather of your Father, when, being a Cleaver of Wood in the Palace of my Ancestors, he was raised from among those Vulgar you speak of with such Contempt, in Reward of an Instance he gave of his Courage and Loyalty in Defence of his Master? Yet his Distinction was nobler than yours: It was the Distinction of Soul, not of Birth; the Superiority of Worth, not of Fortune! I am sorry I have a Gentleman in my Kingdom, who is base enough to be ignorant, that Ease and Distinction of Fortune were bestowed on him but to this End, that, being at rest from all Cares of providing for himself, he might apply his Heart, Head, and Hand, for the public Advantage of others.

Here

Here the King, discontinuing his Speech, fixed an Eye of Indignation on a sullen Resentment of Mein which he observed in the haughty Offender, who muttered out his Dislike of the Encouragement this Way of Thinking must give to the Commonalty, who, he said, were to be considered as Persons of no Consequence, in Comparison of Men who were born to be honoured. Where Reflection is wanting, replied the King with a Smile of Disdain, Men must find their Defects in the Pain of their Sufferings. *Yan-humo*, added he, turning to a Captain of his Gallies, strip the Injured and the Injurer; and, conveying them to one of the most barbarous and remotest of the Islands, set them a-shore in the Night, and leave them both to their Fortune.

The Place in which they were landed was a Marsh, under Cover of whose Flags the Gentleman was in Hopes to conceal himself, and give the Slip to his Companion, whom he thought it a Disgrace to be found with. But the Lights in the Galley having given an Alarm to the Savages, a considerable Body of them came down, and discovered in the Morning the two Strangers in their Hiding-place. Setting up a dismal Yell, they surrounded them; and advancing nearer and

nearer with a Kind of Clubs, seemed determined to dispatch them, without Sense of Hospitality or Mercy,

Here the Gentleman began to discover, that the Superiority of his Blood was imaginary: For, between a Conscioufness of Shame and Cold, under the Nakedness he had never been used to; a Fear of the Event from the Fierceness of the Savages' Approach, and the Want of an Idea whereby to soften or divert their Asperity, he fell behind the poor Sharer of his Calamity; and with an unfinewed, apprehensive, unmanly Sueakingness of Mien, gave up the Post of Honour, and made a Leader of the very Man whom he had thought it a Disgrace to consider as a Companion.

The Basket-maker, on the contrary, to whom the Poverty of his Condition had made Nakedness habitual; to whom a Life of Pain and Mortification represented Death as not dreadful; and whose Remembrance of his Skill in Arts, of which these Savages were ignorant, gave him Hopes of becoming safe, from demonstrating that he could be useful, moved with bolder and more open Freedom; and having plucked a Handful of his Flags, sat down without Emotion, and making Signs

that

that he should shew them something worthy their Attention, fell to work with Smiles and Noddings, while the Savages drew near, and gazed in Expectation of the Consequence.

It was not long before he had wreathed a kind of Coronet, of pretty Workmanship, and rising, with Respect approached the Savage who appeared the Chief, and placed it gently on his Head; whose Figure, under this new Ornament, so charmed his Followers, that they threw down their Clubs, and formed a Dance of Welcome and Congratulation.

There was not one but shewed the Marks of his Impatience, to be made as fine as his Captain; so that the poor Basket-maker had his Hands full of Employment: And the Savages, observing one quite idle, while the other was so busy in their Service, took up Arms in the Behalf of natural Justice, and began to beat him.

The Basket-maker's Pity now effaced the Remembrance of his Sufferings; He arose, and rescued his Oppressor, by making Signs that he was ignorant of the Art; but might, if they thought fit, be usefully employed in waiting on the Work, and fetching

ing Flags to his Supply as fast as he should want them.

This Proposition luckily fell in with a Desire the Savages expressed to keep themselves at Leisure, that they might croud round, and mark the Progress of a Work they took such Pleasure in. They left the Gentleman, therefore, to his Duty in the Basket-maker's Service; considering him, from that Time forward, as one who was and ought to be, treated as inferior to the Artist.

Men, Women, and Children, from all Corners of the Island, came in Drove for Coronets: And, setting the Gentleman to work, to gather Boughs and Poles, they made a fine Hut to lodge the Basket-maker; and brought down daily from the Country such Provisions as they lived upon themselves; but never offered the imagined Servant any thing, 'till his Master had done eating.

Three Months Reflection in this mortified Condition, gave a new and just Turn to our Gentleman's Mind; insomuch, that lying awake, one Night, he thus confessed his Error to the Basket-maker: "I have been to blame, says he, and wanted Judgment to distinguish between Accident and Excellence.

When

When I should have measured Nature, I looked only at Vanity. The Preference which Fortune gives, is empty and imaginary; and I perceive, too late, that only Things of Use are naturally honourable. I am ashamed, when I compare my Malice, with your Humanity. But if the Gods should please to call me to a Repossession of my Rank and Happiness, I would divide all with you, in Atonement of my justly punished Arrogance."

He promised, and performed his promise: For the King, soon after, sent the Captain who had landed them, with Presents to the Savages; and ordered him to bring them both back again. And it continues to this Day, a Custom in that Island, to degrade all Gentlemen, who cannot give a better Reason for their Pride, than that they were born to do nothing: On which Occasion they usually cry out, *Send him to the Basket-maker's.*

Sam Meredith was next, who was a very sagacious Lad, and of a serious Turn of Mind. He perceived, with Concern, that too much Attention was paid to the imprudent Mr. and Mrs *Vainlove*, which was some Sort of Sanction for Folly, and fearing

ing lest their Whimsies should sow Diffen-
sions in the Society, and introduce that Sort
of Wit, which is ever attended with Acri-
mony, and improper for an Assembly, in-
stituted as this was, to promote Learning
and Virtue, he pulled one of Mr. *Newbery's*
Books out of his Pocket, and read the Tale
of the Old Man and the Bundle of Sticks;
in order to recommend UNANIMITY and
FRIENDSHIP.

On UNANIMITY and FRIENDSHIP.

*This Maxim take, both Old and Young,
Friendship and Union makes us strong.*

There was an old Man had twelve Sons
and Daughters who were always quarreling
and distressing each other, so that they be-
came very poor and weak, and were held in
a State of Slavery by their Neighbours. The
old Gentleman, who saw that his Children
were Fools, (though they pretended to be
wiser than he) called them together, and
said, " My Children, I am going to die ;
" but before I leave this World let me give
" you a Lesson that will be of service to
" you. Bring me a Stick, *Tam* ; bring me
" a Stick, *Sue* ; bring me a Stick, *Sam* ;
" and so of the rest." They all brought
him Sticks, every one of which he easily
broke.



*The Force of Unanimity and
Friendship.*



Broke. This done, he ordered each of them to bring him another, which he bound up together, and placing them to his Knee, tried to break them, but could not. Now you see, quoth he, that each of your Sticks, I that am an old Man could break when separate and alone; but now they are bound together, it is a Task even for a Giant. It is with you my Children, as with your Sticks. While you keep at such a Distance, and refuse each other Aid, you will be always weak, poor, and despised; but if you were to unite in the Bonds of Friendship, and always to assist each other, you would soon grow rich and powerful, and be respected by all your Neighbours.—They took his Advice, and soon found, to their great Emolument, that their Father, though old, had more Sense than all his Children.

After this, *Sam* took Notice of the Innovations that had been made in the Society, and of their uncommon Behaviour; and said, he hoped the Gentleman who was to read next, would chuse a Subject suitable to the Company and the Solemnity of the Occasion.—This Motion was applauded; and Master *Grove*, who was next in Turn, read us the account of the Creation from the
Old

Old Testament, with some Reflections of his own.

The CREATION.

The first Miracle wrought by God for Mankind.

In the Beginning God created the Heaven and the Earth. And the Earth was without Form and void, and Darkness was upon the Face of the Deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the Face of the Waters. And God said, let there be Light; and there was Light. And God saw the Light, that it was good: And God divided the Light from the Darkness. And God called the Light Day, and the Darkness he called Night: and the Evening and the Morning were the first Day.

And God said, let there be a Firmament in the Midst of the Waters, and let it divide the Waters from the Waters. And God made the Firmament, and divided the Waters which were under the Firmament, from the Waters which were above the Firmament: And it was so. And God called the Firmament Heaven: And the Evening and the Morning were the second Day.

And God said, let the Waters under the Heaven be gathered together unto one Place, and let the dry Land appear: And it was so.

And

And GOD called the dry Land Earth, and the gathering together of the Waters called he Sea: And GOD saw that it was good. And GOD said, let the Earth bring forth Grass, the Herb yielding Seed, and the Fruit-tree yielding Fruit after his Kind, whose Seed is in itself, upon the Earth: And it was so. And the Earth brought forth Grass, and Herb yielding Seed after his Kind, and the Tree yielding Fruit, whose Seed was in itself, after his Kind: And GOD saw that it was good. And the Evening and the Morning were the third Day.

And GOD said, let there be Lights in the Firmament of the Heaven, to divide the Day from the Night: And let them be for Signs and for Seasons, and for Days and Years. And let them be for Lights in the Firmament of the Heaven, to give Light upon the Earth: And it was so. And GOD made two great Lights; the greater Light to rule the Day, and the lesser Light to rule the Night: He made the Stars also. And GOD set them in the Firmament of the Heaven, to give Light upon the Earth, and to rule over the Day and over the Night, and to divide the Light from the Darkness: And GOD saw that it was good. And the Evening and the Morning were the fourth Day.

And God said, let the Waters bring forth abundantly the moving Creature that hath Life, and Fowl that may fly above the Earth in the open Firmament of Heaven. And God created great Whales, and every living Creature that moveth, which the Waters brought forth abundantly after their Kind, and every winged Fowl after his Kind: And God saw that it was good. And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the Waters in the Seas, and let Fowl multiply in the Earth. And the Evening and the Morning were the fifth Day.

And God said, let the Earth bring forth the living Creature after his Kind, Cattle and creeping Thing, and Beast of the Earth after his Kind: And it was so. And God made the Beast of the Earth after his Kind, and Cattle after their Kind, and every Thing that creepeth upon the Earth after his Kind: And God saw that it was good. And God said, let us make Man in our Image, after our Likeness: And let them have Dominion over the Fish of the Sea, and over the Fowl of the Air, and over the Cattle, and over all the Earth, and over every creeping Thing that creepeth upon the Earth. So God created Man in his own Image, in the Image of God created he him: Male and Female
created

created he them. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the Earth, and subdue it: And have Dominion over the Fish of the Sea, and over the Fowl of the Air, and over every living Thing that moveth upon the Earth. And God said, behold, I have given you every Herb bearing Seed, which is upon the Face of all the Earth, and every Tree, in the which is the Fruit of a Tree yielding Seed: To you it shall be for Meat. And to every Beast of the Earth, and to every Fowl of the Air, and to every Thing that creepeth upon the Earth, wherein there is Life, I have given every green Herb for Meat; and it was so. And God saw every Thing that he had made, and behold, it was very good. And the Evening and the Morning were the sixth Day.

On this glorious Occasion, says the Book of *Job*, the Morning Stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for Joy.

Thus in six Days did the Almighty form this stupendous Fabric, the Sun, Moon, Planets, fixed Stars, the Earth and its Inhabitants; and not only the Inhabitants of this Earth or Planet, but in all Probability Inhabitants for all the other Planets also. We know that the Sun in our System

remains fixed, and that the Earth, all the Planets, with their Moons, roll round it, and borrow their Light from thence: And as our Earth, which turns round the Sun, and is enlightened by it, is thus inhabited, is it not reasonable to suppose that the other Planets are so likewise? For we can never suppose that the Almighty Architect made any Thing to be useless*. We are also to observe, that as none of the heavenly Bodies but the Sun and the fixed Stars keep their Station, and remain always in the same Place; it is probable that these fixed Stars are so many Suns at an immense Distance, which have their Planets rolling round them; all inhabited as well as our Earth: And what an awful Idea must this give us of the Power, Wisdom and Goodness of Almighty God!—The little Philosopher, who knows nothing of Nature, will say, Surely these cannot be Suns that are so small; they do not look like our Sun? No; that is because of their immense Distance. The Sun, notwithstanding the Light and Heat he affords us, is at such a Distance,

* *Note, See the Newtonian Philosophy, adapted to the Capacities of Children, by J. Newbery.*
that

that a Cannon Ball would be twenty-five Years coming thence to the Earth, even if it flew with the same Velocity as it does when it is first discharged from the Mouth of a Cannon; and the same Cannon Ball flying at the same Rate from one of these fixed Stars, would not reach us in less than seven hundred thousand Years. This is to us amazing; but it is nothing to the Almighty Maker of all Things.

What you have advanced, says Master Long, calls to my Mind a Passage I read in the *Universe*, a Poem which I think is to our present Purpose; and therefore I shall beg Leave to repeat it.

On the UNIVERSE.

Observe how regular the PLANETS run,
In stated Times, their Courses round the SUN.
Diff'rent their Bulk, their Distance, their Career,
And diff'rent much the Compass of their Year:
Yet, all the same eternal Laws obey,
While GOD's unerring Finger points the Way.

First MERCURY, amidst full Tides of Light,
Rolls next the Sun, thro' his small Circle bright,
All that dwell here must be refin'd and pure;
Bodies like ours such Ardour can't endure:
Our EARTH would blaze beneath so fierce a Ray,
And all its Marble Mountains melt away.

Fair VENUS next, fulfils her larger Round,
With softer Beams, and milder Glory crown'd.

Friend

Friend to Mankind, she glisters from afar,
Now the bright Ev'ning, now the Morning Star.

More distant still, our EARTH comes rolling on,
And forms a wider Circle round the Sun:
With her the MOON, Companion ever dear;
Her Course attending thro' the shining Year.

See MARS alone, runs his appointed Race,
And measures out exact the destin'd Space:
Nor nearer does he wind, nor farther stray,
But finds the Point whence first he roll'd away.

More yet remote from Day's all chearing Source,
Vast JUPITER performs his constant Course;
Four friendly MOONS, with borrow'd Lustre, rise;
Bestow their Beams benign, and light his Skies.

Farthest and last, scarce warm'd by *Phæbus*' Ray,
Thro' his vast Orbit SATURN, wheels away.
How great the Change, would we be wasted there!

How slow the Seasons! and how long the Year!
One MOON on us reflects its chearful Light:

There, five Attendants brighten up the Night.
Here, the blue Firmament bedeck'd with Stars.

There, Over-head, a lucid *Arch* appears,
From hence how large, how strong, the Sun's
bright Ball!

But seen from thence, how languid and how
small!

When the keen *North* with all its Fury blows,
Congeals the Floods and forms the fleecy Snows,
'Tis Heat intense to what can there be known:
Warmer our Poles than is its burning Zone.

Who there inhabit must have other Pow'rs,
Juices and Veins, and Sense, and Life than ours.

One

One Moment's Cold, like theirs, would pierce
the Bone,

Freeze the Heart Blood, and turn us all to Stone.

Strange and amazing must the Diff'rence be,
'Twixt this dull *Planet* and bright *Mercury*:

Yet Reason says, nor can we doubt at all,

Millions of *Beings* dwell on either Ball,

With Constitutions fitted for that Spot,

Where Providence, all Wise, has fix'd their Lot.

Wond'rous art thou, O GOD, in all thy Ways!

Their Eyes to thee let all thy Creatures raise;

Adore thy Grandeur, and thy Goodness praise.

Ye Sons of Men! with Satisfaction know,

God's own right Hand dispenses all below:

Nor Good nor Evil does from Chance befall;

He reigns supreme, and he directs it all.

At his Command, affrighting human Kind,

Comets drag on their blazing Lengths behind:

Nor, as we think, do they at Random rove,

But, in determin'd Times, through long Ellipsis
move.

And tho' sometimes they ne'er approach the Sun,

Sometimes beyond our System's *Orbit* run;

Throughout their Race they act their Maker's

Will,

His Pow'r declare, his Purposes fulfil.

Miss *Bloom*, who was the next in Turn,
told the Company, that the last Piece called
to her Mind the following Passage in the
19th Psalm, which contains, says she, the
most

most exalted Strains of Piety and Poetry united.

“ The Heavens declare the Glory of God : And the Firmament sheweth his Handy-work. One Day telleth another : And one Night certifieth another. There is neither Speech, nor Language : But their Voices are heard among them. Their Sound is gone out into all Lands : And their Words unto the Ends of the World. In them hath he set a Tabernacle for the Sun : Which cometh forth as a Bridegroom out of his Chamber, and rejoiceth as a Giant to run his Course. It goeth forth from the uttermost Part of the Heaven; and runneth about unto the End of it again : And there is nothing hid from the Heat thereof.”

She then observed, that Mr. *Addison* had collected these Thoughts, and from them composed a most beautiful Hymn, which she begged Leave to repeat.

An H Y M N.

The spacious Firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial Sky,
And spangled Heavens, a shining Frame;
Their great Original proclaim :

Th.

Th' unwearied Sun, from Day to Day,
 Does his Creator's Pow'r display,
 And publishes to every Land,
 The Work of an Almighty Hand.
 Soon as th' Ev'ning Shades prevail,
 The Moon takes up the wond'rous Tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning Earth,
 Repeats the Story of her Birth :
 Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,
 And all the Planets in their Turn,
 Confirm the Tidings as they roll,
 And spread the Truth from Pole to Pole.
 What though in solemn Silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial Ball?
 What though nor real Voice nor Sound
 Amid their radiant Orbs be found ?
 In Reason's Ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious Voice,
 For ever singing, as they thine,
 " The Hand that made us is divine."

Master *Greening*, a Youth of excellent Taste and Genius then arose, and observed that the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, in his Works of Creation, were so well displayed, and expressed with such Admiration and Gratitude in the 104th Psalm, that it ought to accompany the last Piece which was read.—In this Psalm, says he, *David* has shewn himself a Painter as well

as a Poet, and at once proved the Analogy between the Pen and the Pencil. His Descriptions are so many poetical Pictures raised and enlivened to a wonderful Degree; but not in Proportion to the Vastness and Sublimity of the Subject: No; that were impossible for him to do, even with all his divine Energy. Finite Ideas can never adequately express Things that are infinite; and as Eternity envelopes all Time, so must all Measure be lost in Immensity—I shall divide this excellent Psalm into different Portions or Pictures, according to the Subjects treated of.

The first Portion or Picture, (after an Introduction of Praise) represents God encompassed with Glory.

Praise the Lord, O my Soul. O Lord my God, thou art become exceeding Glorious; thou art cloathed with Majesty and Honour, and deckest thyself with Light, as it were with a Garment.

The second represents the Heavens, and God presiding in them.

He spreadeth out the Heaven like a Curtain, and layeth the Beams of his Chambers
in

in the Waters ; and maketh the Clouds his Chariot, and walketh upon the Wings of the Wind. He maketh his Angels Spirits, and his Ministers a flaming Fire.

The third respects the Terrestrial Globe.

He laid the Foundations of the Earth ; that it never should move at any Time. Thou coverdest it with the Deep like as with a Garment : The Waters stand in the Hills. At thy Rebuke they flee : At the Voice of thy Thunder they are afraid. They go up as high as the Hills, and down to the Vallies beneath : Even unto the Place which thou hast appointed for them. Thou hast set them their Bounds which they shall not pass : Neither turn again to cover the Earth.

The fourth is the Earth watered by the Rivers.

He sendeth the Springs into the Rivers ; which run among the Hills. All Beasts of the Field drink thereof : And the wild Asses quench their Thirst. Beside them shall the Fowls of the Air have their Habitations, and sing among the Branches. He watereth the Hills from above. The Earth is filled with the Fruit of thy Works.

The

The fifth represents the Fruitfulness of the Earth.

He bringeth forth Grass for the Cattle :
And green Herb for the Service of Men.
That he may bring Food out of the Earth,
and Wine that maketh glad the Heart of
Man : And Oil to make him a chearful
Countenance, and Bread to strengthen
Man's Heart. The Trees of the Lord also
are full of Sap ; even the Cedars of *Libanus*
which he hath planted, wherein the Birds
make their Nests : And the Fir Trees are a
Dwelling for the Stork. The high Hills
are a Refuge for the wild Goats : And so are
the stony Rocks for the Conies.

The sixth respects the Distribution of Time.

He appointed the Moon for certain Sea-
sons ; and the Sun knoweth his going down.
Thou makest Darkness that it may be Night ;
wherein all the Beasts of the Forest do move.
The Lions roaring after their Prey, do seek
their Meat from God. The Sun ariseth,
and they get them away together : And lay
them down in their Dens. Man goeth forth
to his Work, and to his Labour, until the
Evening. O Lord, how manifold are thy
Works :

Or, the GRAND EXHIBITION. 103

Works: In Wisdom hast thou made them all; the Earth is full of thy Riches.

The seventh describes the Sea.

So is the great and wide Sea also; wherein are Things creeping innumerable, both small and great Beasts. There go the Ships, and there is that Leviathan, whom thou hast made to take his Pastime therein.

The eighth represents God feeding and nourishing his Creatures.

These wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them Meat in due Season. When thou givest it them, they gather it: And when thou openest thy Hand, they are filled with good.

The ninth represents all Creatures as dependent on the Creator.

When thou hidest thy Face, they are troubled: When thou takest away their Breath, they die, and are turned again to their Dust. When thou lettest thy Breath go forth, they shall be made: And thou shalt renew the Face of the Earth.

K

After

After this the Psalmist closes the Whole with some Ejaculations and Sentiments of Praise, which are equally pious and poetical.

The glorious Majesty of the Lord shall endure for ever : The Lord shall rejoice in his Works. The Earth shall tremble at the Look of him : If he do but touch the Hills, they shall smoke. I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live : I will praise my God while I have my Being. And so shall my Words please him : My Joy shall be in the Lord. As for Sinners, they shall be consumed out of the Earth, and the Ungodly shall come to an End : Praise thou the Lord, O my Soul : Praise the Lord.

How amazingly great and beautiful is this whole Psalm ! In the *first* Picture the Psalmist represents God in his Glory, surrounded as a Covering with dazzling Floods of Light. In the *second*, he considers the Heavens as the Throne of his Glory, and makes the Clouds his Chariots, which are born upon the Wings of the Wind. In the *third*, he considers the Earth as the Footstool of the Almighty, self-balanced in the Air, without Support, and surrounded by the Sea. In the *fourth*, he represents the Fountains, the Rivers,

Rivers, and the Earth, as filled with Fruitfulness; and to complete the Landscape, the Birds are singing among the Branches that grow on the Banks of the Rivers. In the *fifth*, Regard is had to all Creatures in the Productions of the Earth; and every Thing is proved to be useful. In the *sixth*, the Creator has regulated the Intervals of Time, and appointed the Light and Darkness, and thereby the Creatures of Prey their respective Hours in roaming in Search of Food. In the *seventh*, he considers the Sea, with its numerous and wonderful Inhabitants, and points out the Ships as flying for the Purposes of Commerce, and to cement People together at the most extreme Parts of the Earth. In the *eighth*, the Almighty is nourishing his Creatures. They look up to him when in Want, and he openeth his Hand, and they are filled. The *ninth*, shews the Dependance of all Creatures on God. When he withdraws his Countenance from them, they are as if they had never been, and return to their original Dust; but when his Spirit returns, they again revive, and the Face of the Earth is renewed. The tremendous Power of God is farther displayed in the Close of the Psalm. *The*

*Earth shall tremble at the Look of him : If
he do but touch the Hills, they shall smoke.*

Through the whole Piece, Joy and Admiration often break out in unexpected and surprizing Turns. The Heart is roused, and the Psalmist, transported with his Subject, sometimes addresses the Almighty, then speaks to himself, and then to all Nature. — The Expression discovers an Imagination full of Astonishment, and a Soul overflowing with Rapture, Love, and Gratitude ; and carried so far above itself, as to disdain little Niceties, and the Appearance of Order and Regularity.

Miss *Colvill* was the next in Turn, who read us a Poem, called, *The Atheist and Acorn* ; in which a presumptuous Blockhead is punished while criticizing the Works of Providence.

The ATHEIST and ACORN.

Methinks the World seems oddly made,

And every Thing amiss,

A dull complaining *Atheist* said,

As stretch'd he lay beneath the Shade,

And instanced in this.

Behold, quoth he, that mighty Thing,

A *Pumpkin* large and round,

Is held but by a little String,

Which upwards cannot make it Spring,

Nor bear it from the Ground.

While

Or, the GRAND EXHIBITION. 107

While on this *Oak* an *Acorn* small,
So disproportion'd grows,
That whosoe'er surveys this *all*,
This universal *casual* Ball,
Its ill Contrivance knows.
My better Judgment would have hung
The *Pumpkin* on the Tree;
And left the *Acorn* slightly strung,
'Mong Things that on the Surface sprung,
And weak and feeble be.
No more the *Caviller* could say,
No further Faults decry,
For upwards, gazing as he lay,
An *Acorn* loosen'd from its Spray,
Fell down upon his Eye.
The wounded Part with Tears ran o'er,
As punish'd for the Sin:
Fool! had that Bough a *Pumpkin* bore,
Thy Whimsies must have work'd no more,
Nor Skull have kept 'em in.

Little *Sam Porter*, who was a Youth of
great Honour and Friendship, then stood up,
and read the following Story of

DAMON and PYTHIAS.

DAMON and PYTHIAS, two Disciples of
the Pythagorean Philosophy, lived in such
a strict Friendship, that when *Dionysius*, the
Tyrant of *Sicily*, had sentenced one of them

to die by the Hands of the Executioner, and he asking Leave to go into his own Country, to settle his Affairs before his Death, the Tyrant agreed to grant him that Favour, in Case his Friend would be bound for his Return, at a Time appointed, and agree to suffer for him, if he did not appear. This the Friend made no Scruple of doing, which very much surprized the Tyrant, and, indeed, all the Citizens, who were impatient to see the Event of the Engagement. Some Days being elapsed, and the Man not returned, the Friends of the other upbraided him with the Folly of rashly entering into such an Agreement; but he, without being concerned at the Consequence of what they suggested, told them, He was certain of his Friend's Fidelity, and well assured that he would not break his Word to save his Life. Accordingly the condemned Man came at the Time appointed, and freed the other. Whereupon *Dionysus*, admiring the Friendship of the one, and Fidelity of the other, gave the Person condemned his Pardon, and desired he might be admitted as a third Person into so sacred a Friendship.

Upon this Master *Gibson*, who was next in Turn, observed, that the Ancients had
very

very exalted Notions of Friendship, and were generally very cautious and prudent in the Choice of their Friends, an Instance of which he gave us in the following

A N E C D O T E.

When *Brutus* was overcome by *Cæsar* and *Anthony*, in the Battle of *Phillippi*, and the Conquerors were in close Pursuit of him, so that it was almost impossible to escape being taken; *Lucullus* a Friend to *Brutus*, to divert them from their Purpose, told the Soldiers he was *Brutus*, and desired them to carry him to *Anthony*; rejoicing in their good Fortune to be Masters of such a Prize, they made the best of their Way toward the General; who, having Notice of it, went out to meet them, with many others, in Expectation of seeing *Brutus*; to whom *Lucullus*, said, “*Antonius*, my Friend *Brutus* is
 “ not taken Prisoner, and I hope the Gods
 “ will be more just than to suffer it; he will
 “ be found alive or dead in a Manner agree-
 “ able to his Virtue and Honour. It is I
 “ that have imposed upon your Soldiers,
 “ and am ready to suffer what Severity you
 “ please to inflict upon me.” *Anthony* turning to those who brought him, said, “Do not
 “ be troubled Fellow-Soldiers, that you
 “ are

“are deceived, for you have brought me a
 “better Prize than what you sought for; I
 “had rather have such Friends than Ene-
 “mies.” He then embraced *Lucullus*, ap-
 plauded his Friendship, committed him to
 one of his familiar Acquaintance, and found
 him on all future Occasions as faithful to him
 as he had been to *Brutus*.

Upon this Master *Hare*, who was next,
 said, he thought the Ancients shewed great
 Wisdom in paying such sacred Regard to
 Friendship, and that the Moderns were in
 this Respect too remiss. *Friendship*, says he
is the Balsam of Life, and we should have no
 real Felicity without it. He then gave us
 the following Account of

A WILL made without a LAWYER.

Eudamidas, a *Corinthian*, had two Friends,
Charixenus, a *Sycyonian*, and *Aretheus*, a *Co-*
rinthian; this Man, when on his Death-bed,
 being poor, and his two Friends rich, made
 his Will after this Manner: I bequeath to
Aretheus the Maintenance of my Mother,
 to support and provide for her in her old
 Age; and to *Charixenus* I bequeath the
 Care of marrying my Daughter, and to
 give her as good a Portion as he is able :
 and

and in Case one of these chance to die, I hereby substitute the Survivor in his Place. They who first saw this Will made themselves very merry at the Contents; but the Executors being acquainted with it, accepted the Legacies with Chearfulness; and, *Chariæus* dying within five Days after; and by that Means the Charge of both devolving to *Aretheus*, he nourished the old Woman with very great Care and Tenderness; and of five Talents he had in Estate, he gave two and a Half in marriage with his only Daughter, and two and a Half in Marriage with the Daughter of *Eudamidas*, and in one and the same Day solemnized both their Nuptials.

This Manner of making Wills has lately prevailed in the *East-Indies*, as we shall have Occasion to shew in a future Work.

Tom Ledbetter, who was next in Turn, pulled a Paper out of his Pocket, containing the Case of a Man who had been cured of the Hyp, which he desired we would recommend to all Practitioners in Physic; and here it is for them.

The HYP cured in a remarkable Manner.

A young melancholy Person had a strong Imagination that he was dead to all Intents and Purposes, and therefore requested his Parents, that he might be buried out of the Way, and not kept to stink above Ground. His Physicians advised the humouring him in his Fancy, to see what Effect it would have upon him. He was therefore wrapped up in his winding Sheet, laid upon the Bier, and was carrying towards the Church; where, upon the Way, two or three merry Wags, hired for that Purpose, asked the Bearers, who it was they were bearing to his long Home? They told them his Name. It is very well, replied one of them, the World is well rid of him, for he was a very vicious Fellow, and his Parents have a good Turn in it; better follow him to the Grave, than the Gallows; for that in all likelihood would have been the End of him. The young Man, vexed at these Reproaches, raised himself upon the Bier, and in a smart Accent told them, "They might be ashamed to slander
 " the Dead; and that if he had been alive,
 " as he was dead, he would teach them
 " better Manners." But the Men followed their Cue, and gave him worse Words than
 before,

before, which putting him out of all Patience, he leaped from the Bier, and fell upon them with such Fury, as put the Spirits and Blood into Motion, and dissipated the Humour so, that he awaked as a Man out of a Trance ; and, being conducted Home, and carefully attended, he soon recovered his Strength, Health, and Understanding.

The next in Turn was Miss *Peggy Benson*, a young Lady of a sweet Disposition, and of great Understanding ; as an Instance of which, and of her good Taste she read the following Tale :

The SHEPHERD and the PHILOSOPHER.

Remote from Cities liv'd a Swain,
Unvex'd with all the Cares of Gain;
His Head was silver'd o'er with Age,
And long Experience made him sage;
In Summer's Heat and Winter's Cold,
He fed his Flock, and penn'd the Fold;
His Hours in chearful Labour flew,
Nor Envy nor Ambition knew;
His Wisdom and his honest Fame
Through all the Country rais'd his Name.

A deep Philosopher (whose Rules
Of moral Life were drawn from Schools)
The Shepherd's homely Cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his Reach of Thought:

Whence

114 The TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT :

Whence is thy Learning ? Hath thy Toil
 O'er Books consum'd the Midnight Oil ?
 Hast thou old *Greece* and *Rome* survey'd,
 And the vast Sense of *PLATO* weigh'd ?
 Hath *SOCRATES* thy Soul refin'd
 And hast thou fathom'd *TULLY's* Mind ?
 Or, like the wise *ULYSSES* thrown
 By various Fates on Realms unknown :
 Hast thou through many Cities stray'd,
 Their Customs, Laws, and Manners weigh'd ?

The Shepherd modestly reply'd,
 I ne'er the Paths of Learning try'd,
 Nor have I roam'd in foreign Parts,
 To read Mankind; their Laws and Arts ;
 For Man is practis'd in Disguise,
 He cheats the most discerning Eyes :
 Who by that Search shall wiser grow,
 When we ourselves can never know ?
 The little Knowledge I have gain'd,
 Was all from simple Nature drain'd ;
 Hence my Life's Maxims took their Rise,
 Hence grew my settled Hate to Vice.

The daily Labours of the Bee,
 Awake my Soul to Industry.
 Who can observe the careful Ant,
 And not provide for future Want ?
 My Dog (the truest of his Kind)
 With Gratitude inflames my Mind :
 I mark his true, his faithful Way,
 And in my Service copy *Tray*.
 In Constancy and nuptial Love,
 I learn my Duty from the *Dove*.

The

The *Hen*, who from the chilly Air,
With pious Wings protects her Care ;
And ev'ry Fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a Parent's Charge.

From Nature too I take my Rule,
To shun Contempt and Ridicule.
I never with important Air,
In Conversation over-bear,
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When Men the solemn *Owl* despise ?
My Tongue within my Lips I rein ;
For who talks much, must talk in vain.
We from the wordy Torrent fly,
Who listens to the chatt'ring *Pye* ?
Nor would I, with felonious flight,
By Stealth invade my Neighbour's Right,
Rapacious Animals we hate ;
Kites, *Hawks*, and *Wolves*, deserve their Fate.
Do not we just Abhorrence find
Against the *Toad* and *Serpent* Kind ;
But Envy, Calumny, and Spite,
Bear stronger Venom in their Bite.

Thus every Object of Creation
Can furnish Hints to Contemplation ;
And from the most minute and mean
A virtuous Mind can Morals glean.

Thy Fame is just, the Sage replies,
Thy Virtue proves thee truly wise.
Pride often guides the Author's Pen,
Books as affected are as Men :
But he who studies Nature's Laws,
From certain Truth his Maxims draws ;

116 The TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT:

And those, without our Schools, suffice
To make Men moral, good, and wise.

The next to exhibit was Master *Liddal*, a young Gentleman of great good Sense, and of a serious Turn of Mind. — He, having no Book in his Pocket, turned to a Bible that lay on the Table, and read the Account of the Destruction of the World by the Deluge, which he called,

The Consequence of Wickedness in the infant World.

And the Lord said unto *Noah*, come thou and all thy House, into the Ark: For thee have I seen righteous before me in this Generation. Of every clean Beast thou shalt take to thee by Sevens, the Male and his Female: And of Beasts that are not clean by Two, the Male and his Female. Of Fowls also of the Air by Sevens, the Male and the Female: To keep Seed alive upon the Face of all the Earth. For yet seven Days, and I will cause it to rain upon the Earth forty Days and forty Nights: And every living Substance that I have made, will I destroy from off the Face of the Earth. And *Noah* did according unto all that the Lord commanded him. And *Noah*

was

was *six* hundred Years old, when the Flood of Waters was upon the Earth. And *Noah* went in, and his Sons, and his Wife, and his Sons Wives with him, into the Ark, because of the Waters of the Flood. Of clean Beasts, and of Beasts that are not clean, and of Fowls, and of every Thing that creepeth upon the Earth: There went in two and two unto *Noah* into the Ark, the Male and the Female, as God had commanded *Noah*. And it came to pass after seven Days, that the Waters of the Flood were upon the Earth. In the six hundredth Year of *Noah's* Life, in the second Month, the seventeenth Day of the Month, the same Day were all the Fountains of the great Deep broken up, and the Windows of Heaven were opened. And the Rain was upon the Earth forty Days and forty Nights. And the Waters prevailed, and were increased greatly upon the Earth: And the Ark went upon the Face of the Waters. And all the high Hills, that *were* under the whole Heaven, were covered. Fifteen Cubits upward did the Waters prevail: And the Mountains were covered. And all Flesh died that moved upon the Earth, both of Fowl, and of Cattle, and of Beast, and of every creeping Thing that

118 The TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT :

creepeth upon the Earth, and every Man. All in whose Nostrils *was* the Breath of Life, of all that *was* in the dry Land, died. And every living Substance was destroyed which was upon the Face of the Ground, both Man, and Cattle, and the creeping Things, and the Fowl of the Heaven: And they were destroyed from the Earth: And *Noah* only remained *alive*, and they that *were* with him in the Ark. And the Waters prevailed upon the Earth an hundred and fifty Days. And God remembered *Noah*, and every living Thing, and all the Cattle that *was* with him in the Ark: And God made a Wind to pass over the Earth, and the Waters asswaged. The Fountain also of the Deep, and the Windows of Heaven were stopped, and the Rain from Heaven was restrained. And the Waters returned from off the Earth continually: and after the End of the hundred and fifty Days the Waters were abated. And the Ark rested in the seventh Month, on the seventeenth Day of the Month, upon the Mountains of *Ararat*. And the Waters decreased continually until the tenth Month: In the tenth *Month*, on the first *Day* of the Month, were the Tops of the Mountains seen. And it came to pass at the End of forty Days

Or, the GRAND EXHIBITION. 119

Days, that *Noah* opened the Window of the Ark which he had made. And he sent forth a *Raven*, which went forth two and fro, until the Waters were dried up from off the Earth. Also he sent forth a *Dove* from him, to see if the Waters were abated from off the Face of the Ground. But the *Dove* found no rest for the Sole of her Foot, and she returned unto him into the Ark: For the Waters were on the Face of the whole Earth. Then he put forth his Hand, and took her, and pulled her in unto him into the Ark. And he stayed yet other seven Days, and again he sent forth the *Dove* out of the Ark. And the *Dove* came in to him in the Evening, and lo, in her Mouth was an Olive Leaf plucked off: So *Noah* knew that the Waters were abated from off the Earth. And he stayed yet other seven Days, and sent forth the *Dove*; which returned not again unto him any more. And it came to pass in the six hundreth and first Year, in the first Month, the first Day of the Month, the Waters were dried up from off the Earth: And *Noah* removed the Covering of the Ark, and looked, and behold, the Face of the Ground was dry. And in the second Month, on the seven and twentieth Day of the Month, God spake unto *Noah*, saying, Go forth of

the Ark, thou and thy Wife, and thy Sons, and thy Sons Wives with thee. Bring forth with thee every living Thing that is with thee, of all Flesh, both of Fowl, and of Cattle, and of every creeping Thing that creepeth upon the Earth; that they may breed abundantly in the Earth, and be fruitful and multiply upon the Earth. And Noah went forth, and his Sons, and his Wife, and his Sons Wives with him. Every Beast, every creeping Thing, and every Fowl, and whatsoever creepeth upon the Earth after their Kinds, went forth out of the Ark. And Noah builded an Altar unto the Lord, and took of every clean Beast, and of every clean Fowl, and offered Burnt-Offerings on the Altar. And the Lord smelled a sweet Savour; and the Lord said in his Heart, I will not again curse the Ground any more for Man's Sake; for the Imagination of Man's Heart is evil from his Youth: Neither will I again smite any more every Thing living, as I have done. While the Earth remaineth, Seed Time and Harvest, and Cold and Heat, and Summer and Winter, and Day and Night, shall not cease. Thus was Noah preserved, because he was just, and by his Means God saved the Animals, that Man might know that they were

were made for him, and placed under his Dominion by their Creator.

In the new World there appeared such evident Marks of the divine Vengeance, as must have greatly affected *Noah* and his Sons, who lived before the Flood, and had seen all Nature in its pristine Strength and Vigour, which now began visibly to abate; for by the immense Body of Waters which were brought upon the Earth, and their long Continuance on it, the Spirit and Juices it contained were altered. The Air, clogged with excessive Moisture, strengthened the Principles of Corruption, and the old Constitution of the World being thus weakened, human Life, which before extended near a thousand Years, was most amazingly decreased: The Herbs and Fruits also grew languid, they had no longer their original Strength and Spirit, so that there was a Necessity for giving Man a more substantial Food in the Flesh of Animals. This Decrease in the Length of Life, and of the Alteration Men were obliged to make in their Diet, must undoubtedly affect those who had lived in the former World, and seen every Thing necessary for their Subsistence, spring as it were spontaneously out of the Earth; and was, we may suppose, the
Subject

Subject of many a melancholy Conversation between the Sons of *Noah*, and their Children; who by Means of the long Lives of the Patriarchs might gain from Tradition only a faithful Account of what passed in the World from the Creation to their own Times, and that by a few Persons; for *Methuselah* lived two hundred and forty Years Cotemporary with *Adam*, and almost six hundred Years Cotemporary with *Noah*, so that he alone could convey to the one the Knowledge he had received of the other; and here let me observe, that by Means of *Terah* the Father of *Abraham*, a Knowledge of what happened from the Creation might be, and undoubtedly was, conveyed down to that Patriarch; for *Terah* lived near an hundred and thirty Years Cotemporary with *Noah*, and seventy-five with *Abraham*, so that by the Mouths of three Persons only, viz. *Methuselah*, *Noah*, and *Terah*, the Knowledge of Ancient Times might be brought down to that Patriarch without any other Method of Communication; and by the Mouths of three other Persons it might be conveyed down to *Moses*. We are often told, how careful *Abraham* was to convey Knowledge to his Posterity; we cannot doubt, therefore, but *Isaac* was made acquainted

quainted with Things of such Importance, and he might instruct *Kobath*, the Grandfather of *Moses*, who was twenty-one Years Cotemporary with *Isaac*; and he his Son *Amram*, the Father of *Moses*; whence that divine Historian might receive what he has recorded by Tradition, and that from passing only through the Mouths of seven Persons; for *Methuselah*, *Noah*, *Terah*, *Abraham*, *Isaac*, *Kobath*, and *Amram*, were alone sufficient to convey the Knowledge of *Adam*, and of all succeeding Generations, down to *Moses*. But he had better Evidence of these Things than Tradition, and therefore it may be fruitless to dwell any longer on the Subject.

The Account which has been given of the Alteration made in the Earth by Means of the Flood, (Vestiges of which remain to this Day) calls to my Mind, says Master *Bil-son*, the Description we have of the Golden Age in the *Heathen* Poets; which was in all Probability borrowed from this Account of the old World, handed down by some of the Sons of *Noah*; but corrupted in passing through such a series of Time.

The GOLDEN AGE.

The Golden Age was first, when Man, yet
new,

No Rule but uncorrupted Reason knew,
And with a native Bent did Good pursue.
Unforc'd by Punishment, unaw'd by Fear,
His Words were simple, and his Soul sincere:
Needless were written Laws, where none op-
press'd;

The Law of Man was written in his Breast.
No suppliant Crouds befor the Judge appear'd,
No Court erected yet, nor Cause was hear'd;
But all was safe, for Conscience was their Guard,
No Walls were yet, nor Fence, nor Moat, nor
Mound,

Nor Drum was heard, nor Trumpet's angry Sound,
Nor Swords were forg'd; but void of Care and
Crime,

The soft Creation slept away their Time.
The teeming Earth, yet guiltless of the Plough,
And unprovok'd, did fruitful Stores allow.
Content with Food which Nature freely bred,
On Wildings and on Strawberries they fed;
Cornels and Bramble-berries gave the rest,
And falling Acorns furnish'd out a Feast.
The Flow'rs unsown in Fields and Meadows
reign'd,

And *Western* Winds immortal *Spring* maintain'd.
In following Years the bearded Corn ensu'd
From Earth unask'd, nor was that Earth renew'd;
From Veins of Vallies Milk and Nectar broke,
And Honey sweated thro' the Pores of Oak.

This

This indeed corresponds with the other Accounts says Master *Brewer*; but it is only in Part: for if the People in the old World had not been extremely wicked, they would not have been thus destroyed. However, it is a Question whether Mankind were so bad then as they are now; for, though there were some Murders committed, as we see in the Case of *Cain* and *Abel*, yet Wars were not invented, and murdering taught as an Art, 'till after the Deluge; when appeared those Ravagers of Countries, called Conquerors, who, incited by the Thirst of Command, or the Love of Gold, exterminated so many innocent Persons. Injustice, thus patronized by the Great, will descend to their Inferiors, who, in Imitation of their Betters, will be ever using the Power placed in their Hands; and what in the End will become of the Poor? I will tell you a Story.

INSULTED POVERTY. A TALE

Hodge held a Farm, and liv'd content,
While *one* Year pay'd *another's* Rent;
But if he run the least behind,
Vexation strung his anxious Mind:
For not an Hour would *Landlord* stay,
But seize the very Quarter Day!
That cheap the Market! scant the Grain!
Tho' urg'd with Truth, was urg'd in vain:

The

126 · The TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT :

The same to *him*, if false, or true;
 For Rent *must* come, when Rent was due.
 Yet that same *Landlord's* Cows and Steeds
 Broke *Hodge's* Fence and cropt his Meads.
 In Hunting that same *Landlord's* Hounds,
 Spread over *Hodge's* new-sown Grounds !
 Dog, Horse, and Man, alike o'erjoy'd,
 While half the rising Crop's destroy'd !
 Yet tamely was the Loss sustain'd
 Save once, and then, when *Hodge* complain'd,
 The 'Squire laugh'd loudly while he spoke,
 And paid the Bumpkin—with a Joke !

But Luckless still, poor *Hodge's* Fate !
 His Worship's Bull forc'd o'er the Gate,
 And gor'd his Cow the last and best ;
 By Sickness he had lost the rest.

Hodge felt at Heart Resentment strong !
 The Heart will feel that suffers long.

A Thought, that Instant, took his Head,
 And thus, within himself he said :

' If *Hodge*, for *once*, don't *fling* the 'Squire,
 ' The Village post him for a Lyar !'

He said !—— and cross his Shoulder throws
 The *Fork*, and to his *Landlord* goes.

' I come, an' please ye, to unfold
 ' What soon, or late, you must be told.
 ' My Bull, (a Creature tame 'till now)
 ' My Bull has gor'd your *Worship's* Cow.
 ' 'Tis known what shifts I make to live ;
 ' Perhaps your *Honour* may forgive !'

" Forgive ! the 'Squire reply'd, and swore !

" Play of Forgiveness cant no more

" The

“ The Law my Damage shall decide,
 “ And know that I’ll be satisfy’d.”
 “ Think, Sir, I’m poor, Sir,—as a Rat!—
 “ Think! I’m a Justice! think of that!”
Hodge bow’d again, and scratch’d his Head,
 And recollecting, archly said,
 “ Sir, I’m so struck, when here before ye,
 “ I fear I’ve blunder’d in the Story.
 “ ‘Fore *George*! but I’ll not blunder now,
 “ *Your*’s was the Bull, Sir! mine the Cow.”
 His Worship found his Rage subside,
 And, with calm Accent, thus reply’d:
 “ I’ll think upon your Case To-night;
 “ But, I perceive, ’tis alter’d quite.”
Hodge shrugg’d, and made another Bow,
 “ And please you, where’s the Justice now?”

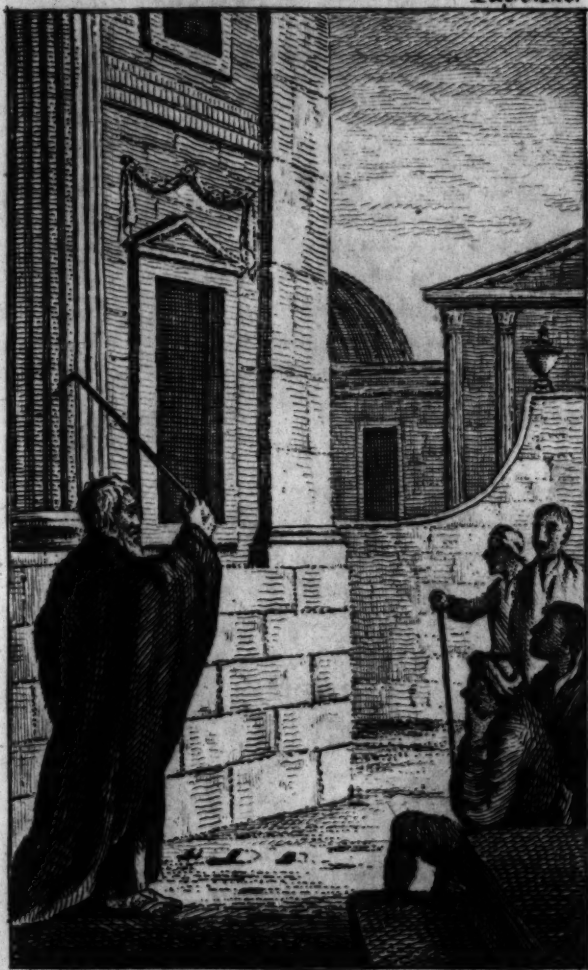
It is amazing to me, says Miss *Jobson*,
 that People should be so covetous, as to be
 always carping for Money, when, after a
 Man has obtained as much as will procure
 him the Necessaries of Life, the rest is of no
 Use but to feed his Vanity, and gain him
 Power, which too often involves him in Mi-
 sery.—I will point out something to you, that
 is better than Money, said she, and then
 taking Mr. *Newbery’s Valentine’s Gift* out of
 her Pocket, she read the following Fable.

M

MONEY

MONEY and CUSTARD. A FABLE.

There was in some Country belonging to the *Greeks* or *Romans*, a rich Man named *Midas*, who had the Art of turning every Thing he touched into Gold. There was also in the same Place another Man called *Nemo*, who had the Power of turning every Thing he touched into Custard. *Midas* was greatly carested because of his Riches, and honoured on Account of his Art, which all wanted to learn ; but few People took Notice of *Nemo*, as Custard was not so much esteemed as Money. After some Time it happened that the City was besieged, and the People in their Distress applied to *Midas*, to make Gold to bribe the Enemy's Soldiers for Food, which proved ineffectual ; for their Enemies, who were *Spartans*, and used no Money but what was made of Iron, refused his Gold, and would give them no Provision ; so that the People were reduced to the last Extremity, and about giving up the City ; when *Nemo* took his Wand, touched the great Town-Hall, and turned it into Custard ; and a notable Custard it was, for it fed all the People for six Months ; during which Time their Enemies were so disheartened, that, despairing of Success, they



*Nemo turning the Town-hall into
a Custard.*



they raised the Siege and fled: This established the Reputation of *Nemo*, who thus addressed the People:

“ Brethren, had you been as fond of Virtue as you are of Riches, you would have observed your Treaties, have kept your Faith, and this Evil had not happened unto you; but you preferred Gold to Honesty, and bartered your Integrity for Baubles. What is Gold, that you should be thus charmed with it? Will it procure long Life? No. Will it procure Health? No; these are to be had only from Temperance and Exercise. Will it procure Peace? No: that is to be had only from a good Conscience. Will it procure Happiness? No; that is to be had only from Contentment of Mind. Will it procure Friends? No; but Flatterers it may. Will it procure Food? Sometimes it will, and sometimes not, as appears in the Case before us. Learn therefore to esteem Gold for its Use only, and not set it up as an Idol to be worshipped. Banish this *Midas*, this Gold-maker, from your City; and instead of learning his Art, seek for a Man of Piety and Virtue, one who will teach you to honour and adore the Almighty, to be honest and just in your Dealings, to be industrious, temperate, and merciful. In short,

130. The TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT:

short, chuse one who will teach you to love God, to love your Neighbours, to love yourselves, and you will be happy.

Upon this *Midas* was banished the Common-Wealth. When he left the City, he desired *Nemo* would go with him a Day's Journey into the Wilderness, which he did. As soon as they came into the Desert, *Midas* striking a Mountain, turned it to Gold, and would have given it for Leave to return; which so exasperated *Nemo*, that he gave him a Box of the Ear, which turned him into a Custard, and he was devoured by the Beasts and Birds; since which Time no one has been able to make Gold, notwithstanding the boasted Pretensions of the Alchemists. After this, a wise Man was chosen to reign in the City, and the People grew pious and virtuous, and in consequence thereof exceedingly happy.

The Love of Money, and the Love of Power; says Master *Gildon*, has turned many a wise Man into a Fool.—I will give you an

AN E C D O T E.

Pyrrhus, a famous King of *Epirus*, after having been twice dethroned by his rebellious Subjects, had settled himself so firmly,

firmly, and shewed such Bravery and Conduct, that foreign Nations began to court and value his Friendship and Alliance. Among these the brave *Tarentines*, who were then at War with the *Romans*, and in Danger of being overcome and enslaved by them, sent an Embassy to intreat him to come to their Assistance, and take the Command of all their Forces, assuring him, that not only they, but many other warlike Nations, both in *Italy*, *Greece*, and other States, would gladly join him, and fight under his Banner.

It is scarcely to be imagined how transported the King was at this advantageous Offer. He dreamed of nothing now but of spreading his Conquests as far as *Alexander* had done, and dismissed the Embassadors with his royal Promise, that he would speedily enter *Italy* with a powerful Army, and employ his whole Strength against the common Enemy. *Pyrrhus* had at this Time a Prime Minister, named *Cyneas*, who was a great Philosopher, an experienced Commander, and a complete Statesman; but what was still more valuable in him, he was a Man of singular Probity, an Enemy to Flattery, and very faithful to his Master. Upon these Accounts the King put such

Confidence in him, that he could not forbear communicating to him all the vast Projects he had formed upon the Foundation of this new Embassy, and having got him into his Closet, he opened his Mind in Terms to this Effect:

The *Tarentines*, my dear *Cyneas*, invite me into *Italy*, and what a large Field of Conquest is this like to open to my Arms? How many *Italian* States will join with me, and assist me in the Reduction of the proud and warlike *Romans*? Tell me freely, will not this prove a glorious and advantageous Enterprize? Here *Cyneas*, without seeming to disapprove of it, asked him, Where he next would turn his Arms, in Case he succeeded in his Expedition against the *Romans*? To which the King quickly answered, that he designed then to pass over into *Sicily*, where he should find all Things in Confusion, since *Agathocles*, who kept the *Sicilians* in Awe, was but lately dead: And how many rich and fruitful Provinces will be either ready to receive me, or be afraid of opposing me, after I have once conquered *Italy*? Well, replies *Cyneas*, Where will you go after the Reduction of *Sicily*? The Thing speaks itself, replies the King, I design to sail next into *Africa*, and try my Success

Success against the *Carthaginians*; that Republic once conquered, I shall find new Nations able to stand out against me. *Greece, Macedonia*, and a Number of other Countries, will submit of Course, and ——— Well, answered *Cyneas*, interrupting him, What shall we do, and how shall we dispose of our Time, after we have made all these Conquests? Why then, answered the King, then I will take my Rest, after all the Fatigues, and enjoy the Pleasures of Life with you.

This was the very Point which *Cyneas* wanted to bring him to; who, with a pleasing Smile, said to the King. And what prevents your Majesty from enjoying that Happiness even now; and without buying it at the Expence of so many Hazards, of so much Blood, and so many Troubles and Fatigues? Is it not as much in your Power now, as it will then, to enjoy the Gratifications of a quiet Life? Happy are those Monarchs, who have such faithful and open-hearted Counsellors, especially if they have Sense and Government enough to take their Advice. But this did not prove the Case of *Pyrrhus*, whose Ambition was indeed somewhat cooled at first by this gallant Speech, but he was soon heated again by the Pro-
spect

134 The TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT:

pect of a successful War against *Rome*. We shall not follow him through that Expedition, but only observe, that after various Successes and Disappointments, he thought fit to retire into his own Kingdom, where, his restless Ambition not suffering him to continue long inactive, he made War against the *Argives*, and after having taken their Capital, and entered it Sword in Hand, he was knocked down by a Pan-tile, which a Woman flung upon him from the Top of a House, and a *Macedonian* cut off his Head.

The next in turn was Master *Lambert*, a very sober, and a very sensible Lad. He was particularly struck with what had been advanced respecting the Deluge, and observed, that it was impossible the Sons of *Noah* should ever forget their signal Deliverance from the Flood, or that they should neglect to hand so tremendous a Miracle down to Posterity. Nor, says he, could *Moses*, when he wrote his History of the first Ages, have had much Difficulty in collecting the Facts he had recorded, even without the Aid of Inspiration; for we are to consider, that he was born not more than an hundred Years after the Death of *Jacob*,
and

and at a Time when several old Men were living, who might have conversed with that holy Patriarch. *Joseph*, and the Wonders he had done in *Egypt*, were yet fresh in Memory, known and acknowledged. Three or four Men's Lives reached back as far as *Noah*, who had conversed with the Children of *Adam*; and if this Account of the ancient World, and of the Flood, had descended by Tradition only from Father to Son, it could not have been much corrupted by passing through so few Hands. I can remember historical Family Facts, which were told me by my Father, as coming from his Father, who had them from his Grandfather, which I have since found on Record with little or no Variation. But let us consider who the Persons were who handed this down to *Moses*. *Noah* was the first. He lived both before and after the Flood; as also did his Son *Shem*, who was alive in *Abraham's* Time, and probably related to him the Wonders he had seen.—*Abraham*, though he led the Life of a Shepherd, and lived in Tents with his Flock and Herds round him, which were occasionally moving from one Country to another, was yet a very powerful Prince, and very celebrated through the *East*, as the Father not only of
the

136 THE TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT :

the *Hebrews*, but of the *Idumeans* and the *Arabians*, who sprung from his son *Ishmael*, and still continue the ancient Custom of Circumcision, and live in Tents like their great Progenitor *Abraham* (and many of them in the same Country) to this Day. *Abraham* was born in *Chaldea*, and the *Chaldeans* who were famous for their Astronomical Observations, accounted him one of their first and best Astronomers, and the most learned, wise, and righteous Man at that Time. We cannot therefore doubt of *Abraham's* communicating to his Son *Isaac* the Knowledge he received from *Shem*, and the other Children and Grand-children of *Noah*; nor can we doubt but that *Isaac* delivered the same to *Jacob*, and *Jacob* to his Children and Grand-children, who were contemporary with *Moses*.

Now as these were righteous Men, wise Men, and Lovers of Truth, we might safely rest this Matter on their Tradition, were it necessary; but we have other Evidences besides Tradition; for it is well known that the Ancients, and particularly the *Hebrews*, were extremely careful to perpetuate the Memory of remarkable Transactions. *Abraham*, *Isaac*, and *Jacob*, had, in the Country they inhabited, erected such Monuments

numents of what had befallen them, that the Children of *Israel*, when they entered the promised Land, found in every Place Testimonies of the Piety and Prudence of their Ancestors. Here were the Mountains on which they had sacrificed to God, or on which he had appeared to them; with Stones erected thereon for a Memorial to Posterity. Here were the Wells they had digged to water their numerous Families and Flocks; and the Tombs wherein their sacred Ashes were deposited.

We may also suppose, that many of the Stones thus erected on the Mountains, and in the Plains, were carved or graven; for had not some Sort of Statuary been then invented, we should not have had this Passage in the Decalogue, or Ten Commandments: *Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven or carven Image.* It is reasonable, likewise, to suppose that some kind of Writing was then in Use, else how could the *Israelites* understand the Ten Commandments which were written on the two Tables of Stone? And it is certain that Carols, or Songs, were made to perpetuate the most signal Actions of past Ages, which Fathers taught their Children, and sung them at their Feasts and Assemblies for that Purpose.

These

These were the Materials which *Moses* had to compile his History (which were ample and sufficient for him without any supernatural Assistance;) and that this was the ancient Custom of preserving the Memory of past Transactions, is plain from the Method he himself took to hand down to Posterity the Wonders that were wrought for the Children of *Israel* in *Egypt* and the Wilderness; which he had not only written in his History, but celebrated them by Songs and the Institution of Festivals.

The Miracles wrought by *Moses* to induce *Pharoah* to let the Children of *Israel* go out of *Egypt* were many. His Rod was turned into a *Serpent*; the Rivers and Waters were turned to Blood; the whole Land was covered with *Frogs* and with *Flies*, and the Dust was turned to *Lice*; the Cattle of the *Egyptians* were destroyed with the Murrain; and the People afflicted with Boils and Blains; some Cattle, and Part of the Corn, were destroyed with Thunder and Hail; and the Remainder of their Corn, with their Fruits and Herbs, were destroyed by *Locusts*; there was thick Darkness over the Land of *Egypt* for three Days, yet none of these Plagues affected the Children of *Israel*, or the Land of *Goshen*, which they inhabited

vited. But what terrified the *Egyptians* most was, the Destruction of their First-born; for in one Night the Lord smote all the First-born of the Land of *Egypt*, both of Men and of Beast, so that there was great Distress throughout the Land: And this Miracle, which induced *Pharoah* to let *Israel* go, was commemorated by a Festival, still observed amongst the *Jews*, and called the *Passover*; which Festival was instituted and first eaten (or celebrated) the very Night when the First-born of the *Egyptians* were slain.

The Institution of this Festival was a Means also of perpetuating the Memory of the next Miracle, wrought in Favour of the *Israelites*; namely, that of the Destruction of *Pharoah* and his Host in the *Red Sea*, while the Children of *Israel* went safely through the Sea on dry Land. Though to preserve the Memory of that wonderful Deliverance, *Moses* has also celebrated it by this Song.

The SONG of MOSES.

Then sang *Moses* and the Children of *Israel* this Song unto the LORD, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the LORD, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the Horse and his Rider hath he thrown into the Sea. The LORD is my Strength and Song, and

N

be

he is become my Salvation ; he is my God, and I will prepare him an Habitation ; my Father's God, and I will exalt him. The LORD is a Man of War, the LORD is his Name *Pharoah's* Chariots and his Host hath he cast into the Sea ; his chosen Captains are also drowned in the *Red Sea*. The Depths have covered them ; they sank into the Bottom as a Stone. Thy right Hand, O LORD, is become glorious in Power : Thy right Hand, O LORD, hath dashed in Pieces the Enemy. And in the Greatness of thine Excellency thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee : Thou sentest forth thy Wrath, *which* consumed them as Stubble. And with the Blast of thy Nostrils the Waters were gathered together, the Floods stood upright as an Heap, and the Depths were congealed in the Heart of the Sea. The Enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the Spoil ; my Lust shall be satisfied upon them ; I will draw my Sword ; my Hand shall destroy them.

Thou didst blow with thy Wind, the Sea covered them ; they sank as Lead in the mighty Waters. Who is like unto thee, O LORD, amongst the Gods ! Who is like thee, glorious in Holiness, fearful in Praises, doing Wonders ! Thou stretchedst out thy
right

Or, the GRAND EXHIBITION. 141

right Hand, the Earth swallowed them. Thou in thy Mercy hast led forth the People *which* thou hast redeemed; thou hast guided *them* in thy Strength unto thy holy Habitation. The People shall hear, *and* be afraid; Sorrow shall take hold of the Inhabitants of *Palestina*. Then the Dukes of *Edom* shall be amazed, the mighty Men of *Moab*, trembling, shall take hold upon them: All the Inhabitants of *Canaan* shall melt away. Fear and Dread shall fall upon them; by the Greatness of thine Arm they shall be *as* still as a Stone: 'Till thy People pass over, O LORD, 'till thy People pass over, *which* thou hast purchased. Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the Mountain of thine Inheritance, *in* the Place, O LORD, *which* thou hast made for thee to dwell in; *in* the Sanctuary, O LORD, *which* thy Hands have established. The LORD shall reign for ever and ever. For the Horse of *Pharaoh* went in with his Chariots, and with his Horsemen, into the Sea; and the LORD brought again the Waters of the Sea upon them: But the Children of *Israel* went on dry *Land* in the Midst of the Sea.

Master *Williamson* then stood up and observed, that the Arguments Master Lam-

bert had brought in Proof of the Deluge, were sufficient to convince the Mind of the Truth of this Miracle also, if there was nothing else to enforce our Assent; for that it was impossible the *Israelites* should forget such signal Deliverances, as those from the *Egyptians* and the Plague in *Egypt*, or the many Wonders that were wrought for them in the Wilderness; where they were fed with Manna forty Years, and drank of the Waters that flowed out of a Rock which opened for that Purpose; where they were covered by a Cloud from the Heat of the Day, enlightened by a Pillar of Fire at Night; and where their Cloaths and Shoes did not wear out in the Course of so many Years, and so long a Journey. It is not to be supposed, that they should forget such Miracles as these, or that they should neglect to speak of them to their Children. But here we have far other Proofs, says he. Here we have a large Festival instituted on Purpose to commemorate the Miracle, a Song composed on the Occasion, and the whole Transaction preserved in Writing, and preserved with more Caution and Circumspection, perhaps, than any other Book ever was; for Copies of the Law written by *Moses* (and of Consequence this which was a Part of it) were

were distributed among all the Tribes of *Israel*, and in every Hand; as all their Feasts and Ceremonies, their public and private Actions, their Trials, Contracts, Marriages, Successions, Funerals, and even their Dress was regulated by it. They were obliged daily to read and meditate in this Book, and to teach it their Children: And besides this constant Reading, which every one was to give it in private and in his Family, there was once in seven Years a public Reading made of it at the Feast of Tabernacles, when all the People were assembled for eight Days; and to prevent any Alteration being made in it, either through Artifice, Malice, or the Negligence of Transcribers, *Moses* caused the Original of *Deuteronomy* (which was an Abridgment of the whole Law) to be deposited in the Side of the Ark; and authentic Transcripts of the whole Law was made; and after being carefully revised and compared with the Original, was kept by the *Priests* and *Levites*: Which Copies, so revised by public Authority, were held in great Veneration by the People; and their Kings were obliged, by an express Law in *Deuteronomy*, to receive one of these Transcripts, thus authenticated, from the Hands of the *Priests*, and

to write it over in a Book, and read in it all the Days of his Life. And so well was this Law adjusted and enforced, that none had either Occasion or Inclination to alter it: We find no new Statutes made by their Kings from Time to Time, as is usual with us; nor indeed was there Occasion for such Innovations; for this Book taught them their Origin, their Religion, their Polity, their Manners, and Philosophy. And this great Lawgiver, after he had settled every Thing so, that his Followers might naturally remember the Benefits, Blessings, and Commands of God, died, and left his own Children lost in the Croud of their Countrymen, without either Distinction or extraordinary Settlement; thereby giving the whole World a great Example of his disinterested Sincerity.

Yet these Miracles and remarkable Deliverances, great and manifest as they were, did not restrain these People from Evil, nor preserve them in the true Worship of God. They mixed themselves with the *Cannanites*, and learned their Abominations, which shews us what Danger there is in keeping wicked Company, and that bad Examples may in Time overpower the best Institutions and most virtuous Principles.

After

After these Reflections, which were delivered *extempore*, on the Passage of Scripture before related, Master *Goodwin* stood up, and remarked, that the Christian Reader ought to be perfectly well acquainted with these and such like Passages in the Old Testament; but especially with the Prophecies which had a more immediate Relation to their own Religion. The Prophets, says he, sometimes pointed out Events that were shortly to happen, at others they predicted the Destruction of *Jerusalem*, and the Rise and Fall of Empires; and at other Times foretold the Coming of *Christ*, with all the Circumstances of his Birth, his Doctrine, Passion, Death and Resurrection. — And here the first gave Evidence for the last, and plainly proved, that the Prophets were possessed of the Spirit of God. Who could doubt of the Divinity of *Elijah's* Mission, when he called down Fire from Heaven to destroy the Sacrifices, in Sight of *Ahab*, and all the People; and afterwards told the King to get him Home before the Rain should fall, which in a little while came in great Abundance, though at the Time he foretold it the Sky was serene, and there had been no Rain for some Years; so that from the great Draught there was a Famine in the Land?

Or

Or who could doubt of the divine Inspiration of *Isaiab*, when he declared that *Jerusalem* should not be taken, though blocked up by the numerous Army of *Sennacherib*, and reduced to the last Extremity, without Troops, without Provisions, without any Hopes of human Assistance; and even after the *Egyptians* had been cut in Pieces who came to its Relief? Who that saw the City in this deplorable State, and heard the Prophet pronounce these Words, The City shall not be taken, nor shall it be besieged in Form, nor shall the Enemy cast an Arrow against it; but this formidable Army shall be exterminated at once, without any human Concurrence, and its King put to flight: I say, who that heard this, and saw the Event, could doubt of his being inspired with the Spirit of God.—Take a Part of the 19th Chapter of the 2d Book of Kings.

“ Thus saith the LORD concerning the King of *Affyria*. He shall not come into this City, nor shoot an Arrow there, nor come before it with Shield, nor cast a Bank against it. By the Way that he came, by the same shall he return, and shall not come into this City, saith the LORD. For I will defend this City to save it, for mine own Sake, and for my Servant *David*’s Sake.

And

And it came to pass that Night, that the Angel of the LORD went out, and smote in the Camp of the *Assyrians* an hundred four Score and five Thousand; and when they arose early in the Morning, behold, they were all dead Corpses. So *Sennacherib*, King of *Assyria*, departed, and went and returned, and dwelt at *Nineveh*. And it came to pass, as he was worshipping in the House of *Nisroch* his God, that *Adrammelech* and *Sharezer*, his Sons, smote him with the Sword, and they escaped into the Land of *Armenia*; and *Esar-haddon*, his Son, reigned in his Stead."

Equally wonderful, though predicted at a greater Distance of Time, were the Prophecies, which foretold the Destruction of the Kingdom of *Israel*, the Captivity of the *Jews*, after the Conquest and Overthrow of *Jerusalem*; the Term of seventy Years mentioned, as the Duration of their Captivity at *Babylon*; their Return in Triumph to rebuild their City; *Cyrus*, their Deliverer, called on by his proper Name above two hundred Years before he was born; and the precise Manner in which that Conqueror was to take *Babylon*. These I say were all wonderful Predictions, and their being so exactly accomplished, evidently proves

148 **THE TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT :**

proves that they were inspired by the Spirit of God, and gives great Authority and Weight to those other Predictions, which so nearly concern us, I mean those respecting the *Messiah*, whose Birth, Death, and Resurrection, with the principal Actions of his Life and the Effects of his Doctrine, are foretold with almost as much Exactness, as they were afterwards related by the Evangelists, who were Eye-witnesses of them.

Now after the Accomplishment of these manifold and wonderful Predictions and Mercies, and the signal Testimonies which God from Time to Time vouchsafed to give of the true Religion, it seems amazing that the Jews should so often return to the Worship of Idols, and forsake the Lord of Life; but that perverse People no longer sought God and his Sanctuary, than while he punished their Disobedience, or wrought Miracles for their Deliverance.

Miss *Sally Pine* was the next in Turn, who got up and repeated the following Prayer :

The UNIVERSAL PRAYER. By Mr. POPE.

Father of All! in ev'ry Age,
In ev'ry Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

Thou

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
 Who all my Sense confin'd,
 To know but this, that thou art good,
 And that myself am blind.
 Yet give me in this dark Estate,
 To see the Good from Ill;
 And binding Nature fast in Fate,
 Left free the human Will.
 What Conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This teach me more than Hell to shun,
 That, more than Heav'n pursue.
 What Blessings thy free Bounty gives
 Let me not cast away;
 For God is paid when Man receives,
 T' enjoy is to obey.
 Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
 Thy Goodness let me bound,
 Or think thee Lord alone of Man,
 When thousand Worlds are round.
 Let not this weak unknowing Hand,
 Presume thy Bolts to throw,
 And deal Damnation round the Land,
 On each I judge thy Foe.
 If I am right, Oh, teach my Heart
 Still in the Right to stay;
 If I am wrong thy Grace impart
 To find the better Way.
 Save me alike from foolish Pride,
 Or impious Discontent;
 At ought thy Wisdom has deny'd,
 Or ought thy Goodness lent.

Teach

150 The TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT :

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
 To hide the Fault I see ;
 That Mercy I to others show ;
 That Mercy show to me.
 Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy Breath ;
 Oh lead me whereso'er I go,
 Thro' this Day's Life or Death.
 This Day be Bread and Peace my Lot ;
 All elie beneath the Sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd, or not,
 And let thy Will be done.
 To thee, whose Temple is all Space,
 Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies ;
 One Chorus let all Beings raise,
 All Nature's Incense rise.

Master *Haviland* was next in Turn, who had a sprightly Wit, which was happily tempered with good Sense and Judgment; and perceiving that Mr. *Vainlove* had a gouty Shoe on his Foot, and bore about him other Marks of a distempered and debauched Constitution, he read the following Story, which he altered and adapted to his Purpose.

*The GOUT, and other Disorders cured by
 a DREAM.*

Chremes of Greece, though a young Man, was very infirm and sickly, and subject to those strange Sort of Fits which are called Trances.

In

In one of these he thought a Philosopher came to sup with him, who, out of all the Dishes served up at the Table, would only eat of one, and that the most simple; yet his Conversation was sprightly, his Knowledge great, his Countenance chearful, and Constitution healthy. When the Philosopher took his Leave, he invited *Chremes* to sup with him at a House in the Neighbourhood. This also took Place in his Imagination, and he thought he was received with the most polite and affectionate Tokens of Friendship; but was greatly surprised when Supper was served up, to find nothing but Milk and Honey, and a few Roots dressed in the plainest Manner; to which Chearfulness and good Sense were the only Sauces.--As *Chremes* was unused to this Kind of Diet, and could not eat, the Philosopher ordered another Table to be spread more to his Taste, and immediately there succeeded a Banquet composed of the most artful Dishes that Luxury could invent, with great Plenty and Variety of the richest and most intoxicating Wines. These two were accompanied by Damsels of bewitching Beauty. It was now *Chremes* gave a Loose to his Appetites, and every Thing he tasted raised Extasies beyond what he had ever known.

O

During

During the Repast, the Damsels sang and danced to entertain him; their Charms enchanted the enraptured Guest, already heated with what he had drank; his Senses were lost in extatic Confusion. Every Thing round him seemed Elysium, and he was on the Point of indulging the most boundless Freedom; when on a sudden, their Beauty which was but a Vizor, fell off, and discovered Forms the most hideous and forbidding imaginable. Lust, Revenge, Folly, Murder, meagre Poverty and Despair, now appeared in the most odious Shapes, and the Place instantly became the most dire Scene of Misery and Confusion. How oft did *Chremes* wish himself far distant from such diabolical Company, and how dread the fatal Consequence which threatened him! His Blood ran chill at his Heart; his Knees smote each other with Fear, and Joy and Rapture were turned into Amazement and Horror. When the Philosopher perceived this Scene had made a sufficient Impression on his Guest, he thus addressed him: Know *Chremes*, it is I, it is *Esculapius*, who has thus entertained you, and what you have here beheld, is a true Image of the Deceitfulness and Misery, inseparable from Luxury and Intemperance. Would you be happy,

happy, be temperate. Temperance is the Parent of Health, Virtue, Wisdom, Plenty, and every Thing that can make you happy in this World, or the World to come. It is indeed the true Luxury of Life; for without it Life cannot be enjoyed. This said, he disappeared, and *Cbremes* awaking, and instructed by this Vision, altered his Course of Life, and became frugal, temperate and industrious, and by that Means so mended both his Health, and his Estate, that he lived without Pain, to a very old Age, and was esteemed one of the richest, best, and wisest Men in *Greece*. Let it be remembered therefore, I beseech you *that Idleness and Intemperance kill more than the Sword.*

Master *Meanwell* was now called upon, who, perceiving that the last Piece was pointed at the favourite Vices of some of the Company, and apprehending it might draw on his School-fellow some Resentment, he told the following Story.

The best Way of taking Revenge, or Greatness of Soul in a common Soldier.

When the great *Condé* commanded the *Spanish Army* in *Flanders*, and laid Siege to

treated by a general Officer, and struck several Times with a Cane for some disrespectful Words he had let fall, answered very coolly, that he should soon make him repent of it. Fifteen Days after, the same general Officer ordered the Colonel of the *Trenches* to find him out a bold and intrepid Fellow in his Regiment, for a notable Piece of Work he wanted to have done, and for which he promised a Reward of a hundred Pistoles. The Soldier we are speaking of, who passed for the bravest in the Regiment, offered his Service, and taking with him thirty of his Comrades, of whom the Choice was left to himself, he discharged his Commission, which was a very hazardous one, with incredible Courage and Success. Upon his Return, the general Officer highly commended him, and gave him the hundred Pistoles he had promised. The Soldier presently distributed them among his Comrades, saying he did not serve for Pay, and demanded only, that if his late Action seemed to deserve any Recompence, they would make him an Officer. *And now, Sir,* adds he to the General, who did not know him, *I am the Soldier you abused so much fifteen Days ago; and I told you, I would make you repent it.* The General in great Admiration

Or, the GRAND EXHIBITION: 155

Admiration of his Virtue, threw his Arms
around his Neck, begged his Pardon, and
gave him a Commission that very Day.

*Let all your Injuries be thus resented, and
overcome Evil with Good.*

The next in Turn was Miss Middleton, a
lively pretty Lady, who was always fond of
Poetry; especially of the Lyric Kind; and
such as was instructive as well as pleasing.
She read us the following *Ode to Spring*, and
in a Manner peculiarly graceful.

O D E T O S P R I N G .

Youth of the Year, delightful Spring !
Thy blest Return on genial Wing,
Inspires my languid Lays ;
No more I sleep in Sloth supine,
While all Creation at thy Shrine,
It's annual Tribute pays.
Escap'd from Winter's freezing Pow'r,
Each Blossom greets thee, and each Flow'r
And, foremost of the Train,
By Nature (artless Handmaid) drest,
The Snow-drop comes in lillied Vest
Prophetic of thy Reign,
The Lark now strains her tuneful Throat,
And ev'ry loud, and sprightly Note,
Calls Echo from her Cell ;
Be warn'd, ye Maids, that listen round,
A beauteous Nymph became a Sound,
The Nymph who lov'd too well.

The bright-hair'd Sun with Warmth benign,
Bids Tree and Shrub, and swelling Vine,

Their infant Buds display;

Again the Streams refresh the Plains,
Which Winter bound in icy Chains,

And sparkling bless his Ray.

Life-giving Zephyrs breathe around,
And instant glows th' enamell'd Ground,

With Nature's varied Hues;

Not so returns our Youth decay'd,

Alas! nor Air, nor Sun nor Shade,

The Spring of Life renews.

The Sun's too quick revolving Beam,

A-pace dissolves the human Dream,

And brings th' appointed Hour;

Too late we catch his parting Ray,

And mourn the idle wasted Day

No longer in our Pow'r.

Then happiest he, whole lengthen'd Sight

Pursues by Virtue's constant Light

A Hope beyond the Skies!

Where frowning Winter ne'er shall come,

But rosy Spring for ever bloom,

And Suns eternal rise,

Master *Lownds*, the next in Turn, hap-
pened to be talking to a Lady on the Subject
of Pronunciation, when he was called.

The Lady desired to know of him, why
this Ode appeared with such superior Grace
when

when read by Miss *Middleton*: That Madam, says he, is owing to her graceful Manner of Pronunciation, and shews the Necessity of learning Elocution in the early Parts of Life; which indeed is no difficult Task, when there is no Impediment in Nature; for the whole Beauty and Force of Elocution, or Pronunciation, consists in a graceful Elevation and Cadence (or a raising and filling the Voice with a natural Easiness and Flexibility) and in suiting the Tone of the Voice and Gesture of the Body, to the Subject and Passion to be expressed. The first depends much upon a good Ear, and the last upon our perfectly understanding and feeling the Subject we are upon. So that Nature is materially concerned; but great Advantages may be had from Art, especially when joined to Practice; and as it is of so much Consequence in Life for a Man to be able to speak well on any Subject, it seems to me strange, that Elocution should be so totally neglected in our Schools. He then got up, and delivered the Speech which King *Henry* the fifth is supposed to have made to Lord *Westmoreland* before the Battle of *Agincourt*, on his wishing for more Troops from *England*; but he first under-scored the Speech in those Parts which

158 The TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT:

which were to be elevated; or, in other Words, where the Emphasis or Stress of the Voice was to be laid, and then handed it to the Lady.

—What's he that wishes so;
My Cousin *Westmoreland*? No, my fair Cousin,
If we are mark'd to *die*, we are enow
To do our Country Loss; and if we *live*,
The *fewer* Men, the *greater* Share of Honour.
God's Will! I pray thee wish *not* one Man more.
I am not the least *covetous* of Gold;
Nor Care I who doth *feed* upon my Cost;
It yerns me not if Men my *Garments* wear;
Such *outward Things* dwell not in my Desire;
But if it be Sin to covet *Honour*,
I am the most *offending* Soul alive,
No, no, my Lord; wish not a *Man* from *England*:
I would not lose so *great*, so *high* an Honour
As *one* Man more, methinks, should *share* from me;
For the *best* Hopes I have. Don't wish one more;
Rather *proclaim* it, *Westmoreland*, throughout my
Host,
That he who hath no *Stomach* to this Fight,
Let him depart; his *Passport* shall be made,
And *Crowns* for *Con-voy* put into his Purse:
We would not *die* in *that* Man's Company
That *fears* his *Fellowship* to *die* with *us*.
This *Day* is called the feast of *Crispian*:
He that out-lives *this* Day, and comes *safe*
Home,
Will stand a *Tiptoe* when *this* Day is nam'd,
And

And rouse him at the Name of *Crispian* :
 He that out-lives *this Day*, and sees old *Age*,
 Will yearly on the Vigil feast his Neighbours,
 And say *To-morrow is Saint Crispian* :
 Then will he strip his Sleeve, and show his Scars :
 Old Men forget ; yet shall not all forget,
 But they'll remember, with Advantages,
 What Feats they did *that Day*. Then shall our
 Names,

Familiar in their Mouth as household Words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster,
 Be in the flowing Cups freshly remember'd.
This Story shall the good Man teach his Son,
 And *Crispian, Crispian*, shall ne'er go by,
 From *this Day* to the ending of the World,
 But we in it shall be remembered ;
We few, we happy few, we Band of Brothers ;
 For he, To-day that sheds his Blood with me,
 Shall be my Brother : Be he ne'er so vile,
This Day shall gentle his Condition.
 And Gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accus'd they were not here,
 And hold their Manhoods cheap, while any
 speaks,
 Who fought with us upon Saint *Crispian's Day*.

The next called on was Master Pomroy,
 a Youth of a very amiable Disposition, an
 exceeding good Scholar, and one from
 whom the Company had great Expectations ;
 but he was so dashed at the Sight of such
 a nu-

a numerous and polite Audience, that he could not speak a Word, but sat down and cried: Upon which Master *Billingſly*, who was next in Turn, got up and thus addreſſed him: “ Why do you ſo unman yourſelf, “ *Charles*, as to weep at this Diſappointment? “ It is not your fault that you cannot ſpeak “ in Public, but your Maſter’s who never “ taught you. Practice and Habit make “ all Things familiar and eaſy. Had you “ been accuſtomed to harangue in Public, “ you would have felt no Difference be- “ tween ſpeaking to one Man, and one “ Thouſand; and as your Abilities are “ greater than ours, you would have gain- “ ed more Applauſe at this preſent Meet- “ ing than any of us. But ſuppoſe it had “ been otherwiſe, my Friend, and that, “ inſtead of being thus depreſſed by Diffi- “ dence, you had been ſet at a Diſtance “ from the reſt of your Companions, by “ ſome natural Impediment, or Infirmary; “ were you, therefore, to make yourſelf “ unhappy, and repine at the Diſpenſations “ of Providence? The Creator has a Right “ to diſpoſe of his Creatures as he pleaſes, “ and it is our Duty to ſubmit to his di- “ vine Will, and to be content with the “ Lot aſſigned us. We ſhould neither be “ depreſſed

ne
nd
no
d
f,
k
er
re
ou
e,
e
te
re
a-
t-
d
r,
a-
ce
y
;
If
as
nt
s,
i-
we
ed
d





The Hermit.

H
T
H
H
H

S
T
T
H
A
S
C
D
A
B
S
A
B

T

“ depressed with our Misfortunes, nor too
“ much elated with our Success : for with
“ respect to future Events, we are all in the
“ Dark, and know not which may turn most
“ to our Advantage. — Pray mark the Story I
“ am going to read.

The HERMIT. A TALE.

By Mr. PARNEL.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew.
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well.
Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,
Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, 'till one suggestion rose ;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway :
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost :
So when a smooth expanse receives impress,
Calm nature's image on it's watry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answ'ring colours glow ;
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains report it right ;

(For

(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
 He quits his cell ; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass,
 But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
 And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
 Then near approaching, Father, hail ! he cry'd ;
 And hail, my son, the rev'rend Sire reply'd :
 Words follow'd words, from question answer
 flow'd,

And talk of various kinds deceiv'd the road ;
 'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
 While in their age they differ, join in heart.
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound ;
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey ;
 Nature in silence bid the world repose ;
 When near the road a stately palace rose ;
 There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of
 grass.

It chanc'd the noble master of the dome,
 Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's
 home :

Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
 Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.

The pair arrive : and liv'ry servants wait ;
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
 The table groans with costly piles of food ;
 And all is more than hospitably good.
 Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
 Along the wide canals the zephyrs play ;
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call :
 An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
 Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
 Then pleas'd and thankful from the porch they
 go ;

And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe :
 His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise,
 The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glitt'ning and basking in the summer ray,
 Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with
 So seem'd the fire, when far upon the road, [fear ;
 The shining spoil his wilely partner show'd.
 He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling
 heart,

And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part ;
 Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
 That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the Sun his glory
 shrouds,

The changing skies hang out their fable clouds :

164 The TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT:

A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat;
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around,
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the Miser's heavy doors they drew,
Pierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew:
The nimble light'ning mix'd with show'rs began
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock and call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest,)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls;
Bread of the coarsest sort, with aigre wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude!
And why should such (within himself he cry'd)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside!
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In every settling feature of his face!
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,

And

Or, the GRAND EXHIBITION. 165

And paid profusely with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumults fly,
The Sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling-leaves display,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day;
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom
wrought

With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the
sky;

Again the wand'ers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great;
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer,
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue 'till the time of bed;

166 The TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT:

When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with
pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dapple morn arose.
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O, strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and
dy'd.

Horror of horror! what! his only son!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, tho' hell's black Jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire could more assault his
heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps, the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks, an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the banes of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch! but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man,
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet,
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair

Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair,
 Celestial odours breathe thro' purpled air,
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
 Wide at his back the gradual plumes display.
 The form ætherial bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light:
 Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do:
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous Angel broke,
 (The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,

In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
 These charms, success in our bright region find,
 And force an Angel down to calm thy mind:
 For this commission'd, I forsook the sky;
 Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
 In this the right of Providence is laid;
 Its sacred Majesty thro' all depends,
 On using second means to work his ends:
 'Tis thus withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
 Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprise,
 Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?

168 THE TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT :

Yet taught by these, confess'd th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

The *great, vain man*, who far'd on costly
food,

Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of
wine,

As, with the *Cup*, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious *Wretch*, whose bolted
door,

Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor ;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his sordid soul.

Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head,
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the *Child* half wean'd his heart from
God ;

Child (of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again :
To what excesses had his dotage run ?

But God, to save the father, took the son,
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.

The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But

But how had all his fortunes felt a wreck,
Had that false *Servant* sped in safety back,
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!

Thus heav'n instructs thy mind; this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wond'ring as the *Seraph* flew.

Thus look'd ELISHA, when to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;

The fiery pomp ascending left the view,
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a prayer begun,
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.

Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

The next in Turn was Master *Richardson*,
who was so struck with the Arguments which
had been produced in Vindication of the
Miracles of the Old Testament, that he
was determined to offer his Sentiments in
Defence of those contained in the four
Evangelists, and the Acts of the Apostles;
and which may be considered as Evidences
of the Truth of Christianity.

He who would not deceive himself, says
he, in an Affair of so much Importance
as that of Religion, should candidly and
carefully attend to these Particulars. First,
he should read the Prophecies of the Messiah;
in

in the Old Testament, and observe their Completion in the New; for though there should be some Predictions, which may not be precisely fulfilled according to our Conception of the Matter; yet, as our Conceptions of those Things at this Distance of Time must be imperfect; and as there are other Predictions which are obviously and exactly accomplished, and come up to the Point in Proof, we cannot doubt of his being the Christ or Messiah, so long and so frequently promised in the Writings of the ancient Prophets. These Prophets foretold the Family from which he should spring, the Time and Place of his Birth, the Nature of his Office or Undertaking, the Miracles he should perform, his Holiness of Life, and Wisdom and Excellency as an Instructor; they set forth his divine Dignity, yet at the same Time tell us, that he is to be debased, and to suffer Death for the Sins of Men. They then speak of his wonderful Exaltation after Death; and of the Kingdom of Righteousness, and Truth which he was to establish, observing, at the same Time, that the Jews should reject him, and that his Laws should be received by the Gentiles; all which Predictions have been accomplished.

We are next to consider what happened at the Time of his Birth, the glad Tidings of which were published by an Angel to Shepherds who were watching their Flocks, and who sought him at *Bethlehem*, to which Place also certain wise men were directed to pay their Adorations to him as King of the Jews, by a new Star which then appeared, and which so alarmed *Herod*, that he ordered all the Children of *Bethlehem* to be slain, that he might not escape. These last Circumstances, I mean that of the Appearance of a new Star, the Massacre of the Children by *Herod*, and of the Order issued by *Augustus Cæsar* for all the World to be taxed, which brought our Saviour's reputed Parents to *Bethlehem*, are mentioned by heathen Authors, as well as by the Gospel Historians. To this I might add *Simeon's* Prophecy in the Temple concerning him, as also the Evidence of *John the Baptist*, when Christ was baptized by him in *Jordan*, and other Circumstances, were it necessary.

We are next to weigh and consider the Excellency and Effects of the Doctrines advanced, and the moral Character and Behaviour of the Person from whom they proceed. —It is generally thought that our Saviour,

as well as his Disciples, had none of the Advantages of human Learning. Yet even his Enemies acknowledge, that he *spake so as Man never spake*; he disputed with, and vanquished, the most learned Doctors, when he was yet a Child; and his Behaviour, and indeed the whole Tenor of his Life was so peaceable, meek, and benign, that his Antagonists were charmed with it; his Doctrine also was of the same heavenly Turn; such as tended to the Glory of God, and the Happiness of Mankind. *Do unto all Men as you would have all Men do unto you. — Love the Lord thy God with all thy Heart, with all thy Soul, and with all thy Strength, and thy Neighbour as thyself. — Love God, love your Neighbours, love yourselves.* These and such as these were the Doctrines he advanced, which were perfectly consistent with the uncorrupted Law of Nature, and of God, and so pregnant with Truth and Conviction, that though each Sentence contained as it were the Substance of a Volume, each was striking and obvious to the meanest Capacity. He is stiled in the ancient Prophecies the Prince of Peace, and the whole Tendency of the Gospel Dispensation is to recommend Peace and Happiness to Mankind. *If a Man strike thee on the*
right

right Cheek, turn to him the left. If a Man take thy Cloak, give him thy Coat also; intimating that there could be no Peace where there was Contention; and that Quarrels are unworthy the Children of God, and of the Disciples of Christ. And when the Jews sought to entrap him by subtle Questions, his Answers were full of Complacency and Meekness, though such as would obviate and render fruitless their diabolical Intentions. Thus when they brought a Woman to him charged with a Crime, for which she should have been condemned to Death by the Law of Moses, he ordered those that were innocent to throw the first Stone. And when some of the Elders, on Account of his calling himself the King of the Jews, asked him, whether it was lawful to pay Tribute unto *Cæsar*, hoping thereby to make him contradict what he had said, or to become obnoxious to the *Roman Government*, he, calling for a Piece of Money, asked, whose Image and Supercription it was? They answered *Cæsar's*; on which he replied, *Render to Cæsar the Things which are Cæsar's; and to God the Things that are God's*. At other Times he avoided their Artifice by teaching the People in Parables; and it is to be remarked, that those

Parables

Parables are so happily conceived, and clearly expressed, that they convey as much Instruction as if the Sentiment was delivered in plain and direct Terms, without the Use of any Figure; and the Propriety with which they are drawn, renders them extremely beautiful, for they are mostly taken from Objects which were then before the Eyes of the People he was instructing. And the Effects of his Doctrine was amazing; so great indeed, that most Part of the known World soon became Converts to Christianity; and among these were many of the most learned of the Jews, Greeks, and Romans; for I think such we may reckon *Joseph of Arimathea*, who was of the Jewish *Sanhedrim*; *Dionysius* of the *Athenian Areopagus*; and *Flavius Clemens*, a Senator of *Rome*, with *Quadratus*, *Aristides*, *Athenagoras*, *Ammonius*, *Anatolius*, and many others who had Wisdom, Learning, and Penetration sufficient to pry into Matters of this Sort, and who would never have renounced the Pleasures and Profits, the Honours and Felicities of this Life, and have exposed themselves to the Contempt and Hatred of Mankind, and to Tortures and Death itself, had they not been perfectly satisfied of the Truth of our Saviour's divine Mission, and of his Power

Power of making them eternally happy in the Life to come. The Truth is, they saw that our Saviour went about doing Good to the Bodies and Souls of Men, and that his Apostles and Disciples followed his Example, and were by him empowered to propagate the same divine Doctrines by the same divine Means; I mean, by the Power of working Miracles; for indeed nothing can prove a divine Commission but divine Credentials.

We are next to consider the Miracles wrought by our Saviour, and his Disciples, which were many in Number, most of them done in a public Manner, and of such a Kind, as seem to prove his Dominion over Nature and its established Laws; to which let me add, that they were such as discovered great Goodness, as well as great Power, that they were continued for a Series of Years, and were so clear and convincing, that they brought over a vast Number of Jews and Gentiles, who lived at the very Time, and in the very Place where these Actions were performed, and had every Opportunity of being satisfied of the Truth of them; and so fully convinced were they who had this Opportunity of seeing with their own Eyes, or receiving the best In-

Q

formation,

formation, that though the Christian Religion promised them no worldly Advantages, but on the contrary, exposed them to the most cruel Persecutions, yet they continued stedfast in the Faith, which could not be shaken, even by Tortures, or by Death. The Miracles he wrought are too many to be particularly mentioned; we can only say, therefore, that with a Touch, or at a single Word, the Blind received their Sight, the Dumb spake, the Sick were healed, the Lame restored, the Leper cleansed, the Sea and the Winds were calmed, many Thousands were fed with a few small Loaves and Fishes, and the Dead were raised to Life. Under this Head of Miracles also, may be comprehended the Prophecies of our Saviour; I mean the Events which he foretold would happen before and after his Death, namely, that one of the twelve Apostles should betray him, that *Peter* should deny him, and the rest desert him; that he should be crucified, and rise again the third Day, that he should ascend into Heaven, and that the Holy Ghost should descend on his Disciples; and empower them to work Miracles, and to speak different Languages, that they might be able to travel into all Countries, and convert all Nations; that they should
be

be persecuted for his Sake even unto Death; but that notwithstanding this and the Opposition they met with, their Doctrine should prevail; for that he would be with them, and support them to the End: Besides this, he also foretold the dreadful Calamities which should befall *Jerusalem*; that the City should be besieged, and many of the Inhabitants miserably perish; that the Temple should be destroyed (so that one Stone should not be left upon another) and never be rebuilt; and that the Jews should be dispersed throughout the World, and never more be collected into a distinct Nation, though they should always remain a distinct People. Among the Miracles, may also be reckoned the Manner and Means by which the Christian Religion was propagated; for it is truly miraculous, that a few Persons of the lowest Rank in Life, and without Learning, Eloquence, Wealth, Interest, Power, or Policy, should so suddenly be able to persuade such Numbers to forsake their Country, Friends, and Fortune, in order to embrace and propagate a new Religion, and a Religion that promised them nothing in this Life, but Trouble, Tortures, and Death. This, I say, is in itself miraculous, and without other Miracles it could not have been

been performed; nay, without supernatural and miraculous Assistance these Disciples could not have been supported under such Troubles and Adversities, and have endured such painful Tortures and Deaths; and at the same Time have smiled and rejoiced, as they frequently did, in the midst of their Agonies. But one of the greatest Miracles, perhaps, was the Resurrection of Christ himself, and the amazing Circumstances which attended it; for when he was crucified, there was Darkness over all the Land from the sixth to the ninth Hour, though the Sun and Moon were then in such a Position, as not to admit of any natural Eclipse; and when he gave up the Ghost, there was an Earthquake which rent the Vail of the Temple in twain from the Top to the Bottom; Graves also were opened, and the Bodies of many Saints arose and appeared in the City: And this miraculous Darkness and Earthquake is recorded by *Phlegon the Trallian*, who was a Freeman to *Aurian*, the Emperor, and a heathen Author, as well as by the Gospel Historians. But the Jews, who were the greatest Enemies to Christianity, have given Evidence to the Truth of this Miracle by sealing the Stone, and watching the Sepulchre.

These

These are some of the Evidences for the Truth of our holy Religion; and for the Certainty and Fidelity with which they were handed down to us, I shall refer you to the Gentleman who is next to speak; as it is a Matter he is well acquainted with, and has been often the Subject of our Conversation.

Mr. *Dawning* then got up and observed, that the Evidences, as well as Doctrines of the Christian Religion, were contained in the New Testament, but principally in the four Gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles, which were written, says he, by Persons perfectly well qualified for the Undertaking, and who lived in the Country, and at the Time, when and where those Facts were transacted; and were Eye-witnesses of most of them. That they were capable of giving a faithful and true Account, and proper Judges of the Things they had to relate, appears from the Nature of the Transactions themselves; for they were such as came under the immediate Observation of their Senses: They could not but know whether the Persons, who were said to be healed, had been sick or lame; and whether those, who were said to be raised to Life, had been really dead; and by con-

versing with them afterwards, must know whether they were really then alive. And that they were not Impostors, but had a strict Regard for Truth, appears by their Candour, in confessing their own Faults and Infirmities, and particularly their Baseness in forsaking their Lord and Master, and denying him, notwithstanding their promised Fidelity : But this he had foretold while he was yet with them, and was a Consequence of the Terrors they were in from the civil Power which had banished, as it were for a Time, all Expectations they had conceived from their late Lord and Master, whom they now gave up for lost ; and instead of endeavouring to get Possession of his Body, as the Jews seemed to apprehend they would by their guarding the Sepulchre, they were intent only in hiding themselves from the Resentment of their Enemies ; but when they saw and conversed with him after the Resurrection, and were convinced that he was the Messiah and Lord of Life, they behaved with the greatest Resolution, and openly professed themselves his Disciples. Christ had told them, that *if they would follow him they must take up the Cross, for that in this World they must expect nothing but Tribulation ; and that the*

Time

Time was coming when whosoever killed them would think they did God Service: Yet this did not deter them from their Purpose, they still continued faithful, endured innumerable Hardships, were always ready to lay down their Lives for the Truth (which was the strongest Testimony they could give of their Sincerity and Conviction) and in fact they were so persecuted, that but one of all the Apostles escaped a violent Death, though they might all have avoided both Tortures and Death, and have been received into Favour by their Enemies, would they have recanted and denied the Truth. Nor could this Steadfastness and Resolution be deemed the Effect of Enthusiasm, that they were free from that appears by the Soberness, Goodness and Discretion which they shewed upon every Occasion, as well as by the excellent and rational Scheme of Doctrine they supported; and, what as a collateral Proof adds great Weight, the Miracles they appealed to, and the Doctrines they advanced, were preached publicly; many of the greatest Miracles were publicly performed; many of the Disciples suffered publicly for the Truth; and the Histories which record these Transactions, were written and published in the same

same Age; and never controverted by the Jews; for they have no Accounts or Records that any Ways contradict the Gospel History. Besides there is nothing like Artifice appears in the Relations.

The four Gospels are four plain Accounts, published by four different Men, at different Times, and at different Countries. The first Gospel was written by *St. Matthew* at *Jerusalem*, and in *Hebrew*, for the Use of the Jewish Converts about the Year 38; the second Gospel published was that written by *St. Luke*, at *Corinth*, for the Use of the Gentile Converts, about the Year 53; the third published was *St. Mark's*, which he wrote at *Rome*, for the Use of the Christians at large, about the Year 63; and the fourth and last Gospel was written by *St. John*, at *Ephesus*, to confute the *Corinthian*, and other Heresies, about the Year 69: To which let me add, that the Acts of the Apostles were written by *St. Luke*, at *Alexandria*, for the Use of the Churches every where, about the Year 64; the Gospel Historians have varied indeed somewhat from each other, and given us Accounts which are not exactly the same; but they never contradict each other; they all prove the same principal

pal Facts, and differ no more in their Evidence, than any four honest Men would do who were examined about the same Affairs at different Periods of Time, and upon different Occasions ; and this very Difference which we observe, is, I think, a Proof that they did not write in Concert ; but that each Man told what he knew of the Matter, and no more, as every honest Witness should do ; which (though the Difference has been accounted for) is much to the Credit of the Gospel Historians. And if these Accounts had not been known and acknowledged as Facts at that Time, so many Converts, among the Great as well as the Poor, could not have been so suddenly made ; for both Heathen and Christian Writers tell us, that in a little Time this Religion spread itself through most Parts of the Roman Empire ; that is, through the greatest Part of *Asia*, *Africa*, and *Europe*, and Persons of all Ranks and Persuasions embraced it, notwithstanding the Opposition of the civil Power, and every Impediment which could be thrown in its Way. In fine, these Writings which contain the genuine Marks of Purity, Integrity, and an impartial Regard to Truth, were as soon as published spread far and wide,

wide*, received with the greatest Veneration, publicly read in the religious Assemblies of Christians, translated into various Languages, and have been constantly cited by great Numbers of Writers in every Age since, whose Works are still extant, and who have in many Places not only quoted particular Passages, but transcribed large Portions of the sacred Writings into their own, which incontestably proves, that they contained the same Account of Doctrines and Facts with those we are now possessed of; besides which, they have been constantly appealed to by Persons of different Sects, Parties, and Opinions, who, if the Text had ever been altered or corrupted, would certainly have pointed it out; so that these Oppositions may be considered as so many Guards or Securities against Fraud and Imposition. These Things laid together evi-

* This is so true, that when *Pantenus* travelled into *India* to propagate the Gospel about the Year of our Lord 200, he found at that Distance the Gospel of *St. Matthew*, and brought it with him to *Alexandria*; which Gospel is supposed to have been left there by *St. Bartholomew*, the Apostle of the *Indies*, before the other Gospels were published.

dently

dently prove, that the Scriptures have been safely transmitted to us, without any Corruption or Alteration; for if any Man or Body of Men had been wicked enough to have altered any Copy they had in Possession, they could not have come at all other Copies which were so widely dispersed, and the Gospel found in one Church, or one Country, would not have agreed with those of another.

But before these Gospels were so dispersed, the People in most Countries had received from the Apostles and Disciples a perfect Account both of the Doctrines and Miracles of our Saviour, which was so carefully preserved by Tradition, that in all Places it exactly corresponded with the Gospels that were published; and had not that been the Case, the People would not have received those Gospels as not thinking them genuine.

But besides the Tradition thus preserved in the different Churches throughout the World, and the Gospels which were published soon after our Saviour's Death, we have other Testimonies to the Truth. The Institutions of Fasts and Festivals (as was observed in the Case of the Jewish Religion) was here also a great Security to the Truth
of

of Christianity, and a Means of preventing the Scriptures from being corrupted. Not only *Easter*, *Whitsuntide*, and *Christmas*, were annually celebrated with great Devotion, but the *Sunday*, or first Day in every Week, was observed as a perpetual Memorial of the Resurrection of Christ, the *Friday*, as the Day of his Crucifixion, and the *Saturday*, on Account of his resting in the Grave; at which Times of Meeting, the Holy Scriptures were read to strengthen People in the Faith, and the Eucharist eaten in Commemoration of the Lord's Supper: And we are to observe, that Baptism, and the other Sacraments, and Rites of the Church, contributed to the same End, and were a Means of preserving the Church from Innovation and Error; as also was the Correspondence which one Church had with another, and indeed with all the rest; for if any new Doctrine, or Mode of Worship, was started, or any Circumstances reported of our Saviour, which had not been mentioned by the Persons by whom they were converted, a strict Enquiry was made amongst the Churches, especially those planted by the Apostles themselves, whether they had received any such Doctrine, or Account of our Saviour from the Mouths
of

of the Apostles, or by another unquestionable Authority, and by these Means any Novelty or Innovation was immediately detected and censured. *St. John*, who wrote the Gospel, and who was the beloved Disciple of our Saviour, and lived many Years after him, was often appealed to on these Occasions; and he, by the particular Providence of God, continued a living Testimony of the Truth during the first Century. It is also observed, that notwithstanding the many Persecutions, the Rage of the Jews, and the Readiness with which the first Christians laid down their Lives for the Truth, several of our Saviour's Disciples, and of the early Converts to Christianity, lived to an extreme old Age, and were always ready to be consulted in Emergencies of this Kind. *St. John*, as we have observed, lived 'till the Year of our Lord 100. *Polycarp*, who was the Disciple of *St. John*, and had conversed with other Apostles, lived 'till the Year 167, though his Life was cut short by Martyrdom. *Irenæus*, who was the Disciple of *Polycarp*, and had conversed with many who were Disciples of the Apostles, lived 'till the Year 202. *Origen*, who was the Miracle of that Age, distinguished himself in the Church 'till the Year 254, during which

R

Time

Time he was frequently tortured for the Truth; and as he left behind him many Disciples of great Fame, there is no Doubt but some of them lived to the End of the third Century, and to the Time of *Constantine* the Great. Among these we might mention *Paul*, the famous Hermit, who retired from the *Decian* Persecution, five or six Years before the Death of *Origen*, and lived to the Year 343. There are also Successions of other Persons, by which the Truth might be conveyed in the same Manner, but the Instances produced are sufficient for our Purpose.

Now those who read the Writings of *Polycarp*, *Irenæus*, and *Origen*, will plainly perceive, that those Fathers believe the Accounts which are given of our Saviour in the four Evangelists, and this is another strong Evidence of the Truth of the Gospel History, as it has been handed down to us; for *St. John*, who was an Eye-witness of the Facts therein recorded, had read and approved three of these Gospels before he wrote his own; so that *Polycarp* had his Knowledge from the Fountain Head; and delivered these Truths to *Irenæus*, which he then sealed with his Blood; *Irenæus* conveyed the same to *Origen*, attended with
the

the same Testimony; and *Origen* to many others; so that we have the written History, accompanied by the most perfect Tradition, for the first three Centuries; and the Works of these Fathers, and of others to corroborate and prove it to the present Time.

We should here observe that Christianity flourished amazingly to this Time, and indeed so long as the Pastors were appointed on Account of their extraordinary Piety and Virtue, and such only elected as were always ready to lay down their Lives for the Truth; and when the civil Power began to interfere, and these important Offices were disposed of by Interest or Friendship, Christianity no longer breathed the same Spirit, Controversies and Quarrels crept into the Church, Policy got the better of Piety; the Pastors grew lax in their Duty; and the People, copying their Example, became indifferent about Religion, and either neglected the public Worship, or were led away by designing Men after new and extravagant Doctrines, very unlike what is laid down in the New Testament, and was taught by Christ and his Apostles.

Master Cooper, the next in Turn, was particularly struck with the Account that

was given in Vindication of Christianity, but he observed, that there was one Argument passed over which was alone sufficient to convince any rational Mind, and that was the Conversion of St. Paul, which was truly miraculous, and evidently proved Christianity to be a divine Revelation: St. Paul, says he, was at the Time of his Conversion, one of the greatest Enemies the Christians had, dragged many of them before the Magistrates, and caused them to be imprisoned; *he breathed out*, says the Text, Threatenings and Slaughter against the Disciples of the Lord, and having obtained Authority from the High Priest, he set out for *Damascus* to seize what Christians he could, and bring them bound to *Jerusalem*; but, *as he journied, and came near Damascus, suddenly there shined round about him a Light from Heaven, and he fell to the Earth, and heard a Voice, saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? And he said, who art thou Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. And he trembling, and astonished, said, Lord what wilt thou have me to do? And the Lord said unto him arise, and go into the City; and it shall be told thee what thou shalt*

shalt do. And the Men which journied with him stood speechless, hearing a Voice, and seeing no Man. And Saul arose from the Earth; and when his Eyes were opened, he saw no Man; but they led him by the Hand, and brought him into Damascus. And he was three Days without Sight, and neither did eat nor drink. He was in this Situation when Ananias came to him (as he was directed in a Vision) and putting his Hands on him, said, Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the Way as thou camest, hath sent me that thou mightest receive thy Sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost. And immediately there fell from his Eyes as it had been Scales; and he received Sight forthwith, and arose and was baptized. And when he had received Meat, he was strengthened. And straitway he preached Christ in the Synagogues that he is the Son of God. But all that heard him were amazed, and said, Is not this he that destroyed them which called on this Name in Jerusalem, and came hither for that Intent, that he might bring them bound unto the Chief Priests? But Saul increased the more in Strength, and confounded the Jews which dwelt at Damascus, proving that this was the very Christ. And after that many Days were fulfilled, the Jews

took Council to kill him; as they did afterwards at Jerusalem and other Places; for they were exceedingly hurt, that one who had been such an Advocate for Judaism, should be converted to Christianity, in a Manner so astonishing to all Mankind.

This is the Account given of his Conversion in the Acts of the Apostles, and is agreeable to what he said of it himself before *Agrippa*, and to what he wrote in his Epistles to the several Churches he had planted; and this was indeed a new Publication, as it were, of the Gospel, for he had his Commission immediately from our Saviour himself, as he observed in his first Epistle to the *Galatians*, *I certify you, Brethren, that the Gospel which was preached of me is not after Man. For I neither received it of Man, neither was I taught it, but by the Revelation of Jesus Christ.*

Now it is very plain, that nothing but this divine and miraculous Revelation could have wrought this Conversion in *St. Paul*, for he had no worldly Motives to induce him to the Change. He was already in high Estimation with the Chiefs of the Jews, and was in the Road to obtain greater Honours, Riches, Power, and Preferment; all which he abandoned to join with a Parcel of
People,

People who were poor, despised, and persecuted even to Tortures and to Death; for as he says to the *Phillippians*, *what Things were gain to me, those I counted Loss for Christ. Yea doubtless, and I count all Things but Loss for the Excellency of the Knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the Loss of all Things; and do count them but Dung, that I may win Christ.* And that during his Ministry he and the rest of the Apostles were distressed, and laboured, that they might not be chargeable to the Church, appears by what he wrote to the *Corinthians* and *Thessalonians*. *We hunger and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no certain Dwelling-Place, and labour working with our Hands.* And again—I am ready to come to you, and I will not be burthensome to you; for I seek not your's, but you. And in another Place—*Neither did we eat any Man's Bread for nought, but wrought with Labour, and travel Night and Day, that we might not be chargeable to any of you.—I have coveted no Man's Silver or Gold, or Apparel.* Yea, you yourselves know, that these Hands have ministered unto my Necessities, and to them that were with me. Thus we see that *St. Paul*, during his Ministry, laboured hard

hard for his Subsistence, and it is well known, that after many Troubles, Travels, Difficulties, and Dangers, he was often in Prison, tortured, and at last put to Death. What greater Proof could we have of his Sincerity, or who can doubt of it, who considers that he had no temporal Interest in View, or any other Motive to induce him to give up all for the Sake of *Christ* and his Gospel, but the Hopes after Death of enjoying a blessed Immortality; agreeable to what he says himself. *If in this Life only, we have Hope in Christ, we are of all Men most miserable*; nor could this Change of his be the Effects of Enthusiasm, or be brought about by his being imposed on by others, for, besides that all his Writings prove him a Man of Learning, Wisdom, Seriousness, and Sobriety, this miraculous Transaction was of a public Nature, seen, and I may say, felt, by all those that journied with him, *for they all fell to the Earth and heard a Voice, but saw no Man*. To this let me add, that he was led to the City blind, and continued so three Days, and that when *Ananias* touched him, Scales fell from his Eyes, and he received his Sight, this as well as the Light (which brought on the Blindness) was seen by all his

his Companions, and could not be effected by Enthusiasm or any human Contrivance. And it is well known, that after being baptized he received the Holy Ghost, and not only wrought many Miracles himself, in Confirmation of the Faith, but the same divine Power was also communicated to the Churches he planted in various Parts of the World; which alone is sufficient to prove, that both the Vision which occasioned his Conversion, and the Doctrine he preached in Consequence of it, were from God. I cannot quit this Subject without observing, that the Epistles of *St. Paul*, from their being mostly written to the Churches that were then planted, not only strengthen and confirm the historical Writings respecting our Saviour, but also give us a Proof of Christianity, detached from all others, which is of the more Consequence, as from the Nature of epistolary Writings they bear with them such Evidences of being genuine, as cannot be expected in mere historical Narrations.

As all the Company seemed pleased with the Arguments which had been produced in Favour of Christianity, *Mr. Lovelace*, who was next in Turn, stood up and observed,
that

that there was one of our Saviour's Predictions, which was not fully accomplished 'till many Years after his Crucifixion, nor 'till after all the four Gospels were published, which was alone sufficient to confirm the Power of Christ, and establish his Religion. What I mean, says he, is the Prophecy respecting the Destruction of the City and Temple of Jerusalem, with all the Horrors that were to attend it; and that it should never be built again. *The Time shall come when thine Enemies shall cast Trenches about thee, and compass thee round, and close thee in on every Side; and they shall lay thee even with the Ground, and destroy thee, and thy Children within thy Walls, and they shall not leave in thee one Stone upon another, because thou knowest not the Time in which thy God visited thee.* And again, *The Time approacheth wherein Men shall say, blessed are the Barren, and the Womb which never bare, and the Paps which never gave Suck.* And in the Conclusion of the Prediction he declares, that the present Generation should not pass away 'till all these Things were fulfilled. Whoever reads the History of Josephus, a Jewish Writer, a General of their Forces, and one who saw all these Calamities with his own Eyes, will find that this Prediction

Prediction was exactly fulfilled; for so great were the Horrors of the War, and so dreadful the Famine which desolated the City, that it compelled even Mothers to devour their own Infants, and he reckons up 1,100,000 Men who perished in the Siege, either by Plague, Famine, Murder, or War; at length the City, being reduced to an Heap of Ashes, was taken and totally destroyed, together with the Temple, which, though *Titus* did all he could to save it, was burned to the Ground: And all this happened at the Time mentioned in the Prophecy; for the Generation which lived when the Prediction was made, saw all these Calamities befall them: And some Time after this, *Adrian* caused 600,000 of them to perish, and the wretched Remains of these unfortunate People were banished their native Country, and dispersed as Captives throughout all Nations, with Orders, under a severe Penalty, never to return to *Judea* again.

We are to observe that *Simeon*, one of the Seventy sent forth by our Saviour to publish the Gospel, and who presided over the Churches at *Jerusalem*, drew the Christians out of those dreadful Calamities which befell the Jews, by observing the Prediction

our

our Saviour had made, and by following the Advice he had given them, to fly the Place whenever they should see *Jerusalem* encompassed with Armies, and the *Roman* Standard, or Abomination of Desolation set up.

But no Evidence can give stronger Proof of the Immutability of the Prediction we have been speaking of, than that produced by *Julian* the Apostate. This Emperor, who was an Enemy to *Christ*, and his Religion, thought to lessen the Reputation of both by invalidating this Prediction. He therefore recalled the dispersed Jews to *Jerusalem*, and set about rebuilding their Temple. Much Money was expended for Materials, and in digging and removing the old Foundation, which completely verified the Prophecy of our Saviour, by *not leaving one Stone upon another*; but when they began to lay the new Foundations, an Earthquake displaced the Stones, and fiery Whirlwinds rushed out from the Bowels of the Earth with such Force as destroyed the Implements, the Materials, and the Labourers. New Attempts were made, which were as ineffectual as the former, and the Prodigies were so terrible, that after many Efforts, they were obliged to abandon their Design.

But

But I shall give you *Marcellinus's* Account of this Transaction, who lived at that Time, and was a Philosopher, an Admirer of *Julian*, and as great a Bigot to Paganism as himself, but was withal a faithful Historian, and not likely to relate what he did not know to be true. “ *Julian* being
 “ desirous to eternize his Reign by the
 “ Greatness of his Achievements, formed
 “ a Resolution to rebuild, at an immense
 “ Expence, the proud and magnificent
 “ Temple of *Jerusalem*; he committed the
 “ Conduct of this Affair to *Alypius* of *Antioch*, who formerly had been Lieutenant in *Britain*. When therefore *Alypius* had set himself to the vigorous Execution of his Charge, in which he had all
 “ the Assistance the Governor of the Province (of *Judea*) could afford: Horrible
 “ Balls of Fire breaking out near the
 “ Foundations, with frequent and reiterated Attacks, rendered the Place, from
 “ Time to Time, inaccessible to the scorched and blasted Workmen; and the victorious Element, continuing in this Manner, obstinately bent, as it were, to repel
 “ their Attempts, the Enterprize was given
 “ over.”

There are undeniable Proofs of this Fact in other Authors: But I made Choice of the above, because his Evidence is the Evidence of an Enemy.

Among the Evidences in Behalf of Christianity, some Notice might also have been taken of what is related of our Saviour in the Acts of *Pontius Pilate*. I mean of the Account which he sent to the Emperor, respecting our Saviour and his Crucifixion, which is appealed to as an Evidence by both *Justin Martyr*, and *Tertullian*, their Apologies to the Emperor, and Senate of *Rome*. The same Regard also should be paid to the Writings of *Hegesippus*, the genuine *Sybilline* Oracles, and the Letter of *Marcus Aurelius*, whose Army was preserved by the Prayers of the Christians; but as these Records are lost, we take no farther Notice of them, nor indeed is it necessary, for the Proofs already mentioned are abundantly sufficient to convince any Mind that is capable of conviction. There is no room for Doubt and Hesitation, for there was no Possibility of Fraud or Deception: great Numbers were Concerned either as Spectators or otherwise in most of the Transactions; and can we suppose that a Man without Riches, Power, or Interest, could seduce

seduce so vast a Number in almost every City? Or if that had been possible, is it not incredible, that no one of all these Accomplices should ever betray the Secret, and that they should all agree to die for it? This will admit of no Reply. The Miracles wrought by our Saviour, and his Apostles, were astonishingly great, and evidently imply the Finger of God; and as these Miracles were wrought in Confirmation of the Christian Religion, and as that Religion is consistent with Natural Religion, and has Morality for its Basis, therefore that Religion is from God. For it is a Religion uniformly directed to the Glory of God, and the Good of Mankind.

But though these Proofs carry with them the strongest Conviction, and the Rewards and Punishments attending the Observance, or the Breach of the Doctrine, together with the Modes of Worship, are set forth in the clearest and strongest Light, yet Christians are not to quarrel with each other, or with those of another Persuasion, because they happen to differ from them in Opinion; nor are they to endeavour to make Converts by Violence; for, besides that early Prejudices are hard to overcome, it is no Wonder that the Almighty, who has dis-

played such Variety in the Structure of the Universe, and varied the Faces of Men to such a Degree, that any one may distinguish his Friend from a Million, though they were all dressed in the same Uniform; I say it is no Wonder if, with this Difference of Face, and Difference of Constitution, there should be some different Bias, or Turn of Mind, even in Matters of Religion.—A Difference of Sentiments is in other Respects essential to our well Being, for all Men would be pursuing the same Studies, or the same Trade, or for living on the same Spot, were they all of the same Opinion; here, therefore, a Diversity of Opinions is necessary, and why should we expect a Uniformity of Sentiment in religious Matters, or endeavour to enforce it? In the Infancy of Christianity, when the Bishops and Pastors were elected on Account of their singular Piety, and gave up every Thing for the Cause of Christ, there were no Racks, or Tortures, nor any Punishment used to establish their Doctrines; nor was any such Thing thought of 'till the civil Power interfered in religious Concerns, 'till Places in the Churches were made profitable, and People without Religion or Virtue were preferred. And then to the Scandal of our Holy Religion, Racks and Flames, and
 Death

Death were introduced to promote the Interest, and support the Power and Opinions of particular People.

The Christian Dispensation is in its own Nature mild, benign, and benevolent. It breathes the most unbounded, the most universal Charity; and he is no true Christian, who will not join with me in the following Prayer.

O Lord GOD, who seest our manifold Infirmities, and knowest how often we stray from thy Precepts, and disobey thy divine Commands, have Mercy upon me, and upon all Mankind; shower down thy Blessings, O Lord, upon all Christians, Jews, Turks, and Infidels, feed them, and make them happy for ever. AMEN.

Here Mr. and Mrs. *Vainlove* looked at each other with great Seriousness; for they had never heard, or thought, so much of Religion before.

After each of the Society had read or spoken what they thought proper, they proceeded to an Examination of the several Accounts of their Ledgers, in order to know who had behaved best, and who worst during the last Year, that they might

elect a new King and Queen; and a new *Hobnob* and *Hobness* for the Year ensuing; and in Order to settle this important Affair, a Court was chosen by Ballot, which consisted of a Judge, and twelve Jurymen, without any Council to implead, or Witnesses called, for the Whole depended upon the Evidence contained in the Ledgers; and before this Enquiry was made, the King and Queen were dispossessed of their Ensigns of Royalty, and the *Hobnob* and *Hobness* were raised from their State of Disapprobation, so that they were all put upon an Equality, the Court taking Cognizance of every Thing.

After some Time, and a strict Examination, Master *Lambert* was appointed to be King, there being nothing reprehensible in his Conduct for the whole Year, and his Ledger displayed a Train of such great and good Actions, as could not have been expected, but from a Man of Age and Experience, who had a Heart full of Benevolence and Virtue. Miss *Summers*, the present *Hobness*, was also elected Queen, which Honour she had enjoyed once before, but being puffed up with Pride, and neglecting her Ledger, she was the last Year degraded to the disagreeable Situation of *Hobness*;
since

since that, however, she behaved so piously at Church and at Home, so dutifully to her Parents, so tenderly to those who were in Distress, and so obligingly to her Companions and Inferiors, that all the Company was glad to see her again exalted to that Honour.

The Court next proceeded to the Choice of a *Hobnob*, which to the Surprize of every Body, fell on him who was King the last Year, who before had been an exceeding good Boy; but he was so elated with that Dignity, that he grew proud and insolent, neglected Church, disobeyed his Parents, paid no Regard to the Poor, laid aside his Ledger, and grew so insufferably saucy and over-bearing to his Companions and Inferiors, that all of them began to despise him, and were glad to have him degraded. Miss *Smith*, was also made *Hobness*, which many were sorry for, as her Disgrace was occasioned, not by any bad Disposition of Mind, but by Carelessness, and neglecting her Ledger. In short, she had kept that Account, 'till some Articles of her Behaviour were inserted, which she was ashamed to look at, and then instead of endeavouring to mend her Conduct, she threw it aside, and grew remiss and negligent which

which is not the Way to improve ; she has suffered however, for her Folly, and it is to be hoped will be wiser, and behave better for the future.—The new King and Queen were then crowned, and seated on each Side the large Cake, which was cut out into different Portions for the Company, and *Hobnob* and *Hobness* were led up with each a Fool's Cap held over their Heads, while the Company debated, whether this Ensign of Folly should be put on immediately, or hung up for a Time, to see if they would behave better ; this being put to the Vote, it was carried in Favour of the Delinquents ; after which the Company came up one by one to address the new King and Queen, and received each a Piece of Cake as a Mark of their Royal Favour ; but none was given to *Hobnob* or *Hobness* ; they were only permitted to smell to it, and then ordered to leave the Company, and were sent Home to their great Mortification.

Sir *William Goodwill*, Uncle to one of the young Ladies, and a Gentleman greatly admired for his Wisdom, observed, very justly, that this Scheme of Education had eradicated almost every Vice but that of Pride ; and this, says he, is so deeply rooted, so interwoven, as it were, with
weak



The Hobnob & Hobnobs of the Year.



weak Minds, that it will cost us much Pains to get the better of it. Pride was the Destruction of the Devil himself, and this he makes his chief Engine to destroy Mankind, with this he inflamed the Mind of *Eve*, and corrupted the human Race. By this he has made many Men more contemptible than the Beasts of the Field, who never destroy their own Race or Fellow Creatures, to aggrandise themselves, which is constantly the Practice of Men of Pride and in Power. What is Vain-glory but another Name for Pride? And did not Vain-glory induce that Blockhead *Alexander* to overrun the World, and destroy Men, Women, and Children, to raise himself a Name. Yet are we Fools enough to teach our Children to give him the Appellation of *Alexander* the Great, without adding the Epithet of Rogue or Robber to it, though the one is an Adjunct as necessary to his Name as the other, and more so; for *Alexander* the great Rogue, or *Alexander* the great Robber, would let them into his Character, and guard them from Imposition. Such Characters are the Abomination of wise Men, and the Admiration of Fools, which Admiration is the fermentative Principle that blows upon the Vain-glorious, who have
always

268 The TWELFTH-DAY-GIFT:

always Folly enough to be thus fed. This Sort of Incense is the Food of weak Minds; and none but weak Minds are subject to Pride, which is incompatible with a sound and vigorous Understanding:

*Pride, of all others, the most dangerous Fault,
Proceeds from Want of Sense, and Want of Thought,
Whatever Nature has in Wort deny'd,
She gives in large Recruits of needful Pride;
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our Defence,
And fills up all the mighty Void of Sense.*

The more Pride a Man has, the more of a Fool he is; and the more miserable too; for as it is of all Dispositions the most hateful, so it brings with it the greatest Mortifications; and to the Truth of this every proud Man can give his Testimony.

We cannot conclude without observing, that the light, the gay, and giddy Mr. and Mrs. *Vainlove*, charmed with the Pleasures and Advantages that arose from this moral Reckoning, took the first Opportunity of providing themselves with Ledgers, which they mutually kept, for their mutual Benefit; and they now find that Peace, Pleasure, and Happiness at Home, which they had sought for in vain
all

Or, the GRAND EXHIBITION: 209

all the World over.——So true is that Maxim delivered by an *Arabian Philosopher*:

*VIRTUE is the Mother of HAPPINESS;
and CONTENT is her Offspring; he who
weds CONTENT shall never want TREA-
SURE; but CONTENT and PRIDE never go
Hand in Hand.*

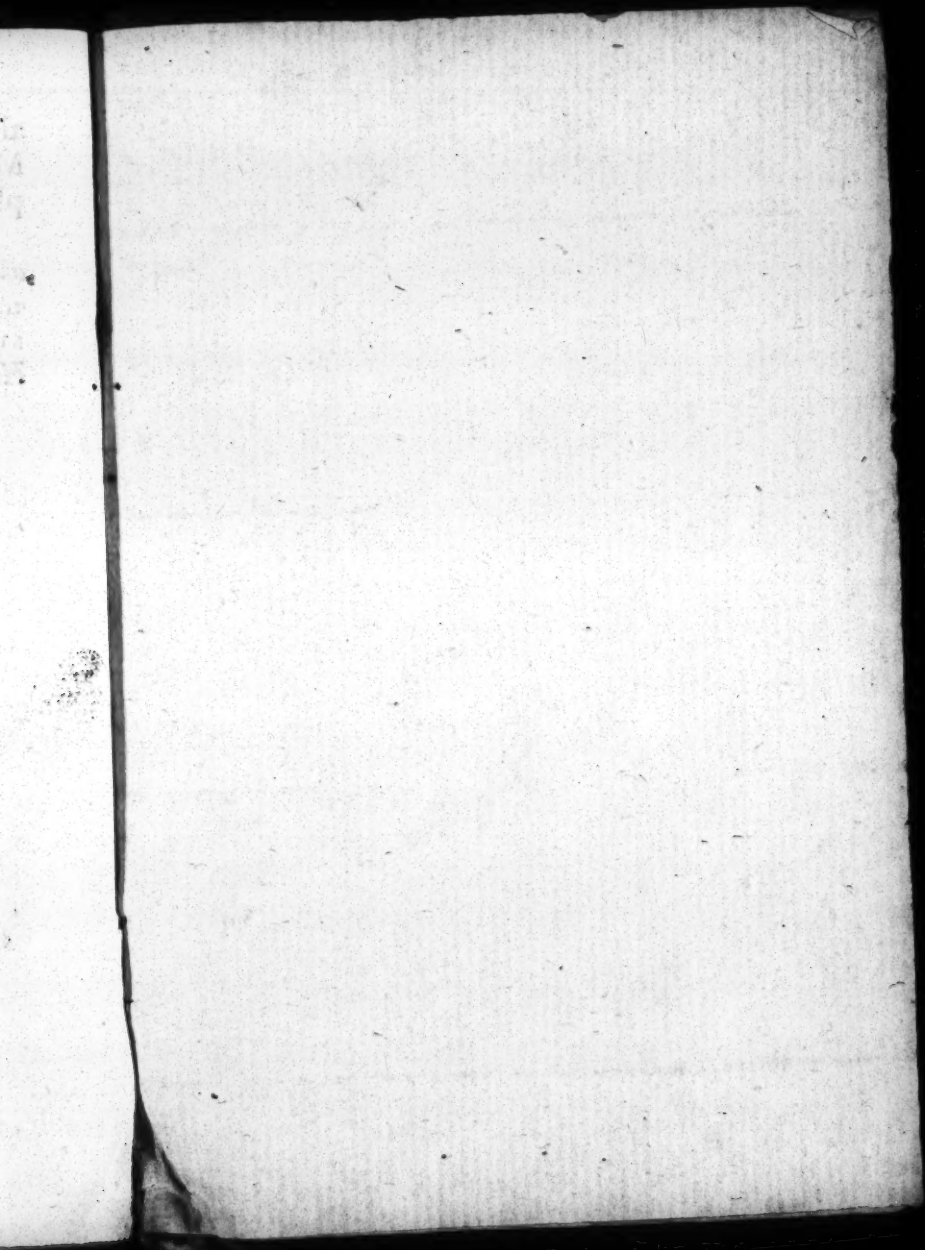
F I N I S.

Of the Grand Exhibition, 1862

in the World over. So much is said
of the Exhibition of the American People.

It is a great pleasure to see the
Exhibition of the American People.
The Exhibition of the American People
is a great pleasure to see the
Exhibition of the American People.





On the Grand Exhibition.

...the World over...
...delivered by an American...



